

Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 3, 1973 60 CENTS

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The Woolmark label is your assurance of quality tested products made of the world's best . . . Pure Wool

NOW! Old Friend Wool Comes In New Look Slacks!

We've simply taken your great old friend Wool and tailored it into the most striking collection of slacks we could design from \$27.50 up.

And what a collection! Flannels, serges, checks and plaids. Crisp tartans, soft saxenies.

And all with the Jaymar touch of quality! The touch you never tire of. The touch that tells you why more men wear Jaymar Slacks than any other quality brand.

So if you want to enjoy the wonders of wool, slip into a pair of Wool Slacks by Jaymar today. It's a great old feeling, meeting a great old friend. Jaymar Slacks are available at your favorite men's or department store now. Jaymar-Ruby, Inc., Michigan City, Indiana 46360.

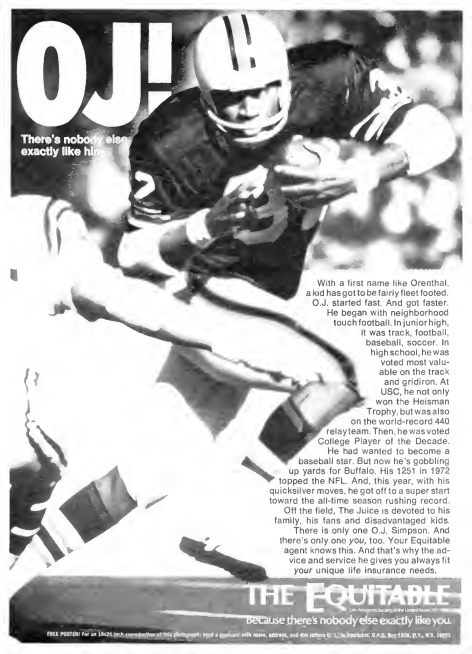
A JAYMAR® SLACK
Featuring Fine New Wools

Made by people who care
for people who care!



Slacks shown, wide belt loop flare
with 21" cuffs about \$30

* Reg. T. M. Ban-Rol
© Jaymar-Ruby, Inc., 1973



OJ!

There's nobody else
exactly like him.

With a first name like Orenthal, a kid has got to be fairly fleet footed. O.J. started fast. And got faster. He began with neighborhood touch football. In junior high, it was track, football, baseball, soccer. In high school, he was voted most valuable on the track and gridiron. At USC, he not only won the Heisman Trophy, but was also on the world-record 440 relay team. Then, he was voted College Player of the Decade.

He had wanted to become a baseball star. But now he's gobbling up yards for Buffalo. His 1251 in 1972 topped the NFL. And, this year, with his quicksilver moves, he got off to a super start toward the all-time season rushing record.

Off the field, The Juice is devoted to his family, his fans and disadvantaged kids.

There is only one O.J. Simpson. And there's only one you, too. Your Equitable agent knows this. And that's why the advice and service he gives you always fits your unique life insurance needs.

THE EQUITABLE

Life Insurance Society of New York

because there's nobody else exactly like you.

FREE POSTER! For an 11x25 inch reproduction of this photograph send a postcard with name, address, and the letters O.J. to Equitable, C.P.O. Box 1824, P.O., N.Y. 10003

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Next week

Q&A OR NOT Q&A, that is the question for Kilmer and Jurgensen, Staubach and Morton. A look back at the first Dallas-Washington game, and a look ahead to the big rematch.

ABINO AUSSIES Rod Lever and Ken Rosewall, along with 29-year-old John Newcombe, try to retrieve the Davis Cup from Stan Smith and the U.S. in the first-ever indoor final.

SPORT IS SICK So contends a former executive who found that in professional athletics in the U.S. it is not whether you win or lose that counts but how you play the money game.



King Size
or Deluxe 100's

Micronite filter.
Mild, smooth taste.
America's quality cigarette.
Kent.

Kings: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine.
100's: 19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '73.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



Fill 'er up.

Now that the fuel shortage is becoming more acute, business more than ever is faced with the question: "Is this trip really necessary?" If it isn't—now's as good a time as any to find out that a Long Distance call can do the job effectively and save you money too.

Long Distance is the next best thing to being there.



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Avis has something that Hertz can't give you.

The Wizard of Avis is the only *fully* computerized system in the rent a car business.

Because of the Wizard, Avis and only Avis neatly *types* out your *entire* rental agreement.

Avis, and only Avis, solves all mathematical problems by computer.

And when you return your car, only Avis can get a completed rental

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For faster, even more efficient service, get a *free* Wizard Number.

Just visit your nearest Avis counter or call, toll-free, (800) 231-6900.

Meanwhile, Avis will humbly accept your Hertz card.

Or for that matter, any one of 28 other credit cards that you may possess.

We not only try harder, we try anything.

Avis.

Avis rents all makes...features the Dodge Monaco.

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You're looking at a high-grade aluminum mine.



Every all-aluminum can in the beverage aisle of your local supermarket can be recycled and remade into another aluminum can. It's being done right now at Alcoa.

And when you recycle aluminum, you save energy. It takes only 5 percent of the energy it takes to make it the first time.

Once it's made, it can be recycled repeatedly, at a tremendous saving in energy.

There's not another beverage packaging material quite like aluminum. Only aluminum has all these things going for it: it's lightweight, chills quickly, keeps things fresh, opens with a snap, has high scrap value and can be recycled repeatedly. It's plentiful, too.

Alcoa is buying back used aluminum cans that have been collected through reclamation centers in many communities. We are buying them back be-

cause aluminum is a very practical material to recycle.

Alcoa is doing something to help conserve our natural resources. We would like to tell you more about it. Write for our free brochure on energy and aluminum. We'll also send you information on how one community established its reclamation program. Aluminum Company of America, 819-M Alcoa Building, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15219.

Aluminum:
Pass it on

 **ALCOA**

How far are you going to go in the next 3 years?

Would you like to see more of the world than your home town? Meet new people? Make new friends? Do some traveling in Europe?

You can in today's Army.

If you're qualified, we'll give you a job in Europe. A job with good pay, good benefits, and a good future. And once you get there, we'll pay you a minimum of \$363.30 a month before deductions.

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For more information about our European option, send us the card, or call 800-243-6000, toll free, anytime. In Connecticut, call 1-800-882-6500.

Today's Army

Good jobs that take you places.



The one liquor
that's so delicious "neat"*.
people love it on-the-rocks!

**right out of the bottle!*



Greatly improves the taste of mixed drinks too

Make this simple taste test and you'll know why so many people have been switching to Southern Comfort. It will also show you how to make better-tasting mixed drinks. First, fill two short glasses with cracked ice. Pour a jigger of Bourbon or Scotch into one. Sip it. Then do the same with Southern Comfort. Sip it, and you've found a completely different kind of basic liquor—one that actually tastes *good* with *nothing* added. It's *delicious* right out of the bottle! That's why so many experts use it, instead of ordinary whiskey, when mixing drinks. They know this "switch" improves most drinks tremendously. Get a bottle, try it in your favorite. Like Sours* Compare both recipes below. One sip will convince you!

ordinary SOR

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Bourbon or Scotch
1 teaspoon sugar
½ jigger fresh lemon juice

Shake with cracked ice, strain into glass.
Add orange slice for rim of glass, garnish with.
Now to get the superior result, add a jigger of S.C. to the mixture. Sip it. You'll see a complete switch in taste. It's deliciously different. Improves the taste.

improved SOR

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
1 teaspoon sugar
½ jigger fresh lemon juice

Mix with cracked ice, strain into glass.
Decorate with orange slice. Sip it. You'll see a complete switch in taste. It's deliciously different. Improves the taste.

Comfort® Sours as served at the famed Top of the Mark Hotel Mark Hopkins San Francisco

*Not for use in food.

Southern Comfort

WHAT IS SOUTHERN COMFORT? It's a special kind of basic liquor. Long ago in old New Orleans, a talented gentleman was disturbed by the taste of even the finest whiskeys of his day. So he combined rare and delicious

ingredients to create this unusually smooth, superb liquor, known today as Southern Comfort. Its formula is still a family secret, its delicious taste still unmatched by any other liquor. Try a bottle, see how good it tastes straight on-the-rocks, or in mixed drinks.

Also available in Canada, Southern Comfort Corp. 2100 PUGH LANE, ST. LOUIS, MO 63122

DELCO

Battery trouble in any out-of-the-way place can be frustrating. We know. But it doesn't necessarily mean you have to get "stuck" either. There are thousands of Delco retailers across the country, in big cities, in small towns and sprinkled around the countryside. These service stations or garages are ready to help you

Most Delco replacement batteries are vacuum-sealed at the factory. The seals aren't broken until you buy your Delco battery. Then the activator fluid is added. So you get a fresh start and the power you pay for, right from the beginning.

The next time you need a new battery, get with Delco. The battery engineered, tested and built with years of GM experience. Just look for the red, white and blue Delco sign. There's probably one nearby, wherever you are.



The new 3M "VHS-R" copier reduces oversize originals to lettersize copies- on plain paper.



The 3M Brand "VHS-R" plain paper copier can take any size original up to 34" x 16" and reduce it to 8 1/2" x 11". Computer print outs, accounting worksheets or magazine spreads are easier to handle, easier to carry and easier to file.

You get your first copy in 3.5 seconds. That's faster than any other plain paper copier. And you have 3 copies in your hand before most others give you one.

You get high quality, plain paper copies of solids, halftones and fine lines. And you can even copy from bound volumes or 3-dimensional objects. See the new 3M "VHS-R" plain paper copier and let us show you how reduction capability can help make your copying more convenient. And how the "VHS-R" may reduce your copy costs.

If you want to see what's new in copying, it's time to call us.

3M BUSINESS
PRODUCTS
CENTERS

*What an encore to the first completely new way to tell time
in 500 years...*



New Pulsar® Date/Command... the solid-state Time Computer® that's also a calendar!

■ When you come up with a Time Computer no larger than a wristwatch that's the first completely new way to tell time in 500 years ■ and it won't gain or lose more than 60 seconds a year* ■ and it has no moving parts, never needs maintenance or cleaning ■ and it carries an unprecedented three year guarantee** ■ and you make five times as many every month as you had planned on and there still aren't enough to go around ■ what do you do for an encore?

We added another button and came up with the new Pulsar Date/Command.

Push one button, and it tells you the time digitally, to the split second.

Push the other button, and it tells you the month, the date, and whether it's morning or afternoon (information that could come in handy after a hard night). Pulsar knows the difference between a 30 and a 31-day month and makes the change automatically.

Like all other Pulsars, each model of the Date Command is individually tested before being released for sale. In solid 14 kt. gold case with matching 14 kt. gold bracelet, it is most modestly priced at \$1395. With a strap, it's \$750.

If you simply want a Pulsar that tells you the time on command with incredible accuracy and remarkable reliability, you can pay as little as \$275.

Inasmuch as the demand for

Pulsar is considerably greater than the supply, it would be a good idea to visit your nearest fine jeweler at your earliest convenience.

Pulsar®, The Time Computer®, Subsidiary of HMW Industries, Inc., Box 1609, Lancaster, Pa. 17604. In Canada: Henry Birks & Sons, Ltd.

PULSAR
the Time Computer®

Proud Product of U.S.A.

*Timing will be adjusted to this tolerance, if necessary.

**Performance and accuracy of Time Computer module unconditionally guaranteed for three years from date of original purchase.

In the unlikely event of Computer malfunction within guarantee period, your Pulsar jeweler will replace the entire module on the spot, free of charge.

If he does not have a replacement in stock, he will send your Pulsar to us. We will repair or

replace the module and return it within 48 hours from the time of receipt.

(Guarantee does not cover power cells and does not apply if module has been damaged by abuse or accident.)



1. Take a good look at how the hood joins the rest of the body. It should seal itself with neat even spacing all around.

2. Check the fits and finishing in the grille assembly. Everything in the grille construction should line up with a crisp, precise fitting.

3. Check the luster and high gloss of the paint. Over the life of a Ford the three coats of enamel will continue to hold their luster and gleam.

The Quiet 1974 Ford LTD

Everyone says compare, we tell you how.

Everyone who buys a car has one thing in common: he wants a well-made quality product. But with that basic requirement go a lot of opinions about who really does make a well-built automobile. We have our opinions, too.

We're convinced that the 1974 Ford is so well-made that it can stand up to the closest kind of inspection. In fact, so convinced that we're telling you what to look for and how to recognize a well-built automobile.

The paragraphs seen above, in the reflection of the 1974 Ford LTD, outline some of the important things you can do, and many of the things you ought to check when you look over a new 1974 Ford LTD.



4. Slam the doors. And listen for a good solid sound. Pay careful attention to how the doors hang. The line should be straight and the space around them even and narrow.

5. Check the door handles for ease of operation and accessibility. Roll down the window and note weather stripping for a quiet seal.

6. Examine the moldings and trim. Besides being straight and snug, the joints should be smooth.

7. Examine how the trunk joins the body. The basic rule is clean, tight, and with even space all around.

8. Check the molding and insulation around the lights and bumper. It should be tight and smooth.

9. If you're looking at a car with a vinyl top, that top should fit tight. With no frayed edges and bits of cloth protruding.



10. Sit on the seats, feeling for comfort and support. The seat should move easily, and lock snugly.

11. The upholstery should have a neat, well-tailored appearance. With straight even seams. Note the door trim panels and thickly padded full-length arm rests. Overhead, the upholstery should be plush and well-tailored. Carpet should fit snugly and lie smooth and flat to the floor.

12. The instrument panel should be thoughtfully organized, and fit precisely, with a neat clean appearance. Fasten the seat belt and make sure all controls are still easy to reach.

1974 Ford LTD Brougham shown with optional V6W tires, deluxe wheel covers, deluxe bumper group, electric rear window defogger, convenience group, dual accent stripes, and contrasting trim.

Your Ford Dealer will be happy to give you *The Closer You Look Book*, a list of inspections that can help you decide who really makes a well-made car. Obviously we think the 1974 Ford can stand up to close scrutiny.

And if you're thinking about a new car you should think about that.

The closer you look,
the better we look.

FORD LTD

FORD DIVISION



DISCOVER MORE GAS FOR AMERICA. RIGHT IN YOUR OWN HOME.

America needs more energy of all kinds these days. Natural gas is particularly popular because it burns clean. But our country needs more clean gas energy to meet the growing demand. The government and the gas industry are working to get more, but anything you can do to save gas will help. And help save you money, too.

When you're cooking, for instance, you can save gas. Don't use a high flame when a low one will do the job. And don't preheat the oven any longer than you need to.



Use full loads in the washer and dryer— you waste gas when you turn them on for every little thing. Natural gas is clean energy. It's what our country needs if it's

to have cleaner air.

Don't use more hot water than you need in the tub or shower. And don't go off and leave the hot water running.



Don't block heating vents with rugs, furniture or anything. If you do, you'll use more gas and be

less comfortable.

And be sure to insulate and weatherstrip in cold weather and put up storm doors. You'll keep the cold out, the heat in.

All this will help our country have more of the clean gas energy

it needs to keep things going—and save you money, too.

Gas
clean energy
for today and
tomorrow.

AGA American Gas Association

Maybe the last reason for buying a tape recorder should be the tape recorder.

Maybe the first reason should be a built-in AM radio. Or a built-in FM/AM radio. Even a radio with a marine band. So you can know what's happening out at sea.

Or it could be a tape recorder with stereo sound heavy enough to fill a concert hall. Even though it's light enough to carry around in one hand.

Perhaps it's a reason you never thought about before. At least not connected to a tape recorder.

For instance, one model lets you hear the sound of your favorite TV programs. And another lets you watch them. Because out from this gem of a tape recorder pops a jewel of a Panasonic TV.

Most of our cassette recorders come with a sensitive condenser mike. Built right in. So recording is easy because there's no mike to hold. Lose. Or forget.

Of course, there are some features you get with every Panasonic cassette recorder.

Like Auto-Stop that shuts the machine off at the end of the tape. To prevent tape damage.

Easy-Matic that sets the right recording level every time.

And Panasonic batteries. To get you off to a quick start. And keep you going a long time.

Anybody can give you a reason to buy a tape recorder. We've just given you 6 to make sure it's a Panasonic.



Built-in radio with FM/AM, marine band TV, (R-1000, R-1000S)

Lightweight AM radio (R-1000S)

Built-in FM/AM radio, Sleep Switch, Battery/VU Meter, (R-1000S)



Panasonic

Just quality, wherever you find it.

THE TEST RESULTS ARE IN...



The Firestone Steel Radial 500 can give you up to 30 extra miles* from every tankful of gas you buy.

Based on a car with a fuel capacity of 20 gallons and currently averaging 15 miles per gallon. Naturally, your savings will depend on how much stop and start driving you do.

You've probably read that radial tires roll more easily than other types of tires, and since the Firestone Steel Radial 500 tires are now available across the country and are original equipment on many new cars, we thought you'd like to know how much more gas mileage they might give you now that fuel is in short supply.

For months the Firestone Engineering and Development Division has been conducting tests, both in the laboratory and on the test track, so we could tell you what to expect from these tires. And now, the results are in.

Laboratory Rolling Resistance Test:

In laboratory tests conducted in the Firestone Indoor Test Center, our engineers studied the differences in rolling resistance—that's the amount of energy and power needed to move one tire—between our original equipment Steel Radial 500 and our original equipment belted bias tire. When their tests showed an amazing 27 percent difference—that's 27 percent less energy needed to move the Steel Radial 500 than the belted bias tire—they immediately set up a series of tests at our outdoor proving ground at Ft. Stockton, Texas, to determine what kind of fuel savings our Steel Radial 500 might give you in actual on-the-road conditions at different speeds.

Fuel Economy Test:

These tests were run on a standard four-door U.S.A. sedan. All fuel, speeds, and mileage were scientifically measured in a series of twenty-four carefully controlled and measured runs. Two complete tests were made, with two runs in each test.

Test No. 1†	30 MPH	50 MPH	70 MPH
Firestone Belted Bias Tire	18.12 mpg	18.62 mpg	11.90 mpg
Firestone Steel Radial 500	19.07 mpg	20.91 mpg	15.15 mpg
Percent improvement in Fuel Economy of Steel Radial 500	5%	13%	27%

*All figures are an average of two runs each at speeds of 30, 50, and 70 miles per hour.

Test No. 2:	30 MPH	50 MPH	70 MPH
Firestone Belted Bias Tire	19.07 mpg	19.21 mpg	11.94 mpg
Firestone Steel Radial 500	20.72 mpg	20.90 mpg	15.06 mpg
Percent improvement in Fuel Economy of Steel Radial 500	9%	7%	25%

All figures are an average of two runs each at speeds of 30, 50, and 70 miles per hour.

What all this means to you:

You may have been considering radial tires to get their better steering, road holding, and a 40,000 mile guarantee. Now the Firestone Steel Radial 500 gives you a still stronger reason, for as gas becomes both harder to get and more expensive, the more miles per gallon we can give you will mean both dollars saved and extra gasoline you can use for little errands or long trips.

And think about this: even if radial tires only gave people fuel savings of 2% instead of 7% to 10%, the effect of putting all the nation's hundred million cars on radial tires would result in a tremendous savings of fuel each year, a significant factor with our current fuel shortage.

So think hard about radial tires. And ask your Firestone Dealer or Store for a free copy of the fuel savings test data on the tire you now know can put some extra trips into every tankful you buy...

**The 40,000 mile Steel Radial 500
another people tire from**

Firestone

OUR 40,000 MILE GUARANTEE

The Steel Radial 500 by Firestone is guaranteed to give you 40,000 miles of treadwear in normal passenger use on the same car. If it doesn't, take your guarantee to any Firestone Store or participating Dealer. He'll replace the tire with a new one and give you credit for the mileage not received based on the then current adjustment price (approximate national average selling price) plus Federal Excise Tax. A small service charge may be added.

REMY MARTIN

A COGNAC SO RARE
THAT ONLY THOSE
WHO HAVE TASTED LIFE
CAN APPRECIATE
ITS GREATNESS.



REMY MARTIN VSOP FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC. ABOUT \$14.

The California business trip. Consider everything and



For business meetings, or for the fun of it. You can reserve the table for four in first class on our DC-10's and 747's.



For getting to your plane fast, our new X-Ray machines inspect your luggage.



For comfort. Overhead luggage compartments and lots of legroom in coach.

you'll choose American.



For the service you've learned to expect, American's personnel make a flight just a little bit nicer.

For getting there when you want to. Call American or your Travel Agent.

To San Francisco



Flight	Leaves	Arrives	Plane	Airport
265	9:00am	11:25am	707	O'Hare
213	1:20pm	3:43pm	747	O'Hare
215	4:55pm	7:22pm	707	O'Hare
47	7:15pm	9:39pm	707	O'Hare

To Los Angeles



Flight	Leaves	Arrives	Plane	Airport
181	9:15am	11:29am	DC-10	O'Hare
189	12:00 noon	2:10pm	727	O'Hare
197	1:00pm	3:10pm	DC-10	O'Hare
185	5:30pm	7:41pm	747	O'Hare
459	7:15pm	9:23pm	707	O'Hare

To San Diego



Flight	Leaves	Arrives	Plane	Airport
277	9:15am	11:27am	707	O'Hare
223	1:00pm	3:03pm	727	O'Hare
301	6:05pm	8:08pm	727	O'Hare

To Palm Springs

Flight	Leaves	Arrives	Plane	Airport
361	10:15am	12:12pm	DC-10	O'Hare

"Thanks, it was a good flight."

A few simple words, but to hear you say that is what we're all shooting for.

It's what our business is all about.

California is over four hours away. So it's not one thing or another that makes a trip great, it's a combination of everything.

From the time you call up, to the service on board, to the extra effort extended from beginning to end.

Consider everything, and we think you'll choose American.

American Airlines

Give your Bloody Marys a little transfusion.

Shake two dashes of Angostura into your Bloody Marys, and they'll taste like much more than just vodka and tomato juice.

Angostura harmonizes the flavor of everything else you put into your Bloody Marys, so they taste like more than the sum of their parts.

Angostura's secret blend of exotic herbs and spices also gives your Bloody Marys an exciting aroma. And it's a fact that the better something smells, the better it tastes.

No matter how you're mixing Bloody Marys now, add Angostura to the recipe. It's the best way in the world to keep Bloody Marys from tasting a little anemic.



For a free Professional Mixing Guide, write:
Box 2386 YS, Astoria Station, New York 11802.

Drastically underpriced.

Look again.
That's no 50-dollar racquet you're staring at.
That's the new Tensor Custom 700.
Aluminum, nylon throat and headstrip,
strung with tournament-grade nylon.
And with a custom raised-leather grip.
Suggested retail price, complete with cover, only \$30.
Also new are two other aluminum models based



on the Custom 700:
The Lady Tensor and the
Tensor Tournament 500.
The new Tensor
aluminum racquets.
All three at the head of
their class in styling.
But not in price.

Tensor Corporation,
323 Stanley Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11207



World



money.

BankAmerica Travelers Cheques
can be exchanged for local currency
throughout the world.

That's why we call them World Money.
Our Travelers Cheques are one of
the most convenient ways in the world to
carry your money.

And one of the safest, too.
Lose your cash, and you're lost.
But if your Travelers Cheques turn
up missing, they're promptly replaced.

Next time you take a vacation
or a business trip anywhere in the USA or
around the world, take along the money
with the world on it.

Take along World Money and you
travel with all the money in the world.

BankAmerica Travelers Cheques

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

FINLEY AGAIN

Now it turns out that Charlie Finley, the contentious owner of the Oakland A's, may have decided to hold Dick Williams to the letter of his contract because of a conversation he had during the World Series with Frank Cashen, general manager of the Baltimore Orioles. Finley knew that Williams, who had a year to go on a long-term contract, was going to quit, and he began to look around for a new manager. One who interested him was the Orioles' Earl Weaver.

"Charlie called me at home on Saturday, the next to last day of the Series," Cashen told Bob Marse of the Baltimore Sun. "I wasn't home, but the message said Charlie would call back. He did the next day, the final day of the Series. He intimated to me, or at least I got the impression, that he had already given the Yankees permission to talk with Williams and that he was seeking permission to talk with replacements. He wanted to talk to Earl Weaver."

"I said to him, 'Charlie, I'm not going to do it. I believe in the sanctity of the contract, and we have a binding contract with Earl for next year. He was offered a good one-year contract, and he accepted it. I don't intend to get into a bidding contest with you. I know you give multi-year contracts, which would put us at a disadvantage. I'm not going to give you permission to talk to him.'"

"But," said Cashen, "I told him that I would call Weaver and tell him of the conversation. If Earl wanted to resign and talk with Finley about managing the A's, I would not stand in his way. I did call Earl and tell him that, and also that I refused Finley permission to talk to him about managing as long as he was under contract with the Orioles."

"Earl thanked me but said he had signed with us in good faith, was happy here and did not want to talk with Finley about managing the A's. That's the whole story."

Except that Finley subsequently told Williams he was holding him to the let-

ter of his contract despite his resignation and that he would not release Williams to sign with the Yankees unless Oakland received compensation.

ABSENTEE LANDLORD

Oklahoma can't go to a bowl game despite its undefeated (once tied) record because it is on NCAA probation for recruiting violations, but its fans are savoring a perverse kind of bowl victory anyway. In fact, Oklahoma this season appears to be more of a bowl champion than in years when it did play in one of the postseason spectaculars. For instance, unless North Carolina State beats Kansas by 28 points in the Liberty Bowl, Oklahoma will be the winner there, since it knocked off Kansas 48-20 during the regular season. Similarly, Auburn had better beat Missouri by 28 in the Sun Bowl, for Oklahoma defeated Mizzou 31-3 a while back. As for the once highly respected Cotton Bowl, there is little doubt about Oklahoma's preeminence. When Texas and Nebraska meet, the memory of their games with Oklahoma will cast a deflationary pall. Nebraska was shut out 27-0 by the Sooners; Texas was trampled 52-13.

MAKING IT

Pro basketball players as a group are currently the best-paid athletes. Specific evidence of this was unearthed by Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* sportswriter Don Fair, who recently got hold of a copy of the Seattle SuperSonics' salary list, much to the distress of the team's management. Salaries are supposed to be secret—and no wonder. For a team that is winning only about a third of its games and is trying to stay out of last place in its division, the Sonics are really dragging down the bread. Jim McDaniels is on a seven-year contract that will pay him a total of \$1,870,000, or an annual average of \$267,000. Spencer Haywood is being paid \$1.5 million over six years, an average of \$250,000, although Haywood recently received a salary boost that will

put him closer to \$300,000 a year. John Brisker is at \$1,025,000 for six years. All are on no-cut contracts. Coach Bill Russell's salary was not on Fair's list, but he is reported to be getting a quarter of a million a year. Lowest-paid Sonics was the since retired Pete Cross, at a subsistence-level \$42,333.

Over a seven-year period Seattle's player salaries total about \$6.6 million, yet the payroll is said to be second in the National Basketball Association to that of the New York Knicks. Even so, says Coach Russell, "Compared to other people and other things, some of our players are underpaid."

BUSY, BUSY, BUSY

Now that Secretariat is about to turn his attention from good healthy exercise to sex, a look at the up-to-date list of those in the syndicate that owns him seems in



order. The syndicate members, each holding one \$190,000 share in the stallion, are: E. V. Benjamin Jr., agent; David Brooks; J. B. Faulconer, agent; Chance Hill Farm (Bertram Firestone); Mr. and Mrs. Milton J. Dance Jr.; F. Eugene Dixon Jr.; Marubeni America Corporation; Mrs. Richard C. duPont; William S. Farish III, Fontainebleau Farm (Zeny's Yoshida, Japan's leading owner); Gilman Paper Company (Hiram Gilman, president); Walter Haeffner, townser of Ireland's Moyglare Stud; Mr. and Mrs. Paul Hexter; Jonathan Irwin (of Ireland's British Bloodstock Agency Ltd.); Warner L. Jones Jr.; Howard B. Keck; Dan R. Lasater; Pierre Levesque

continued

of Canada, Dr. William W. Lockridge; Paul Mellon, Mereworth Farm, Alford G. Vanderbilt, George Strawbridge Jr.; Ogden Phipps, Capt. A. D. D. Rogers (of Ireland's Airlie Stud); Mr. and Mrs. Richard D. Stokes, Tartan Farms; and E. P. Taylor of Canada. If Secretariat proves fertile, each of these 28 shareholders—several of whom are professional front men for investors who prefer to remain anonymous—is entitled to send one mare to him next year. In addition Mrs. Penny Tweedy, Secretariat's owner during his racing career, retains four shares, two for the estate of C. T. Chenery and two for the family-owned Chenery Corporation; Claiborne Farm, which put together the syndicate and where Secretariat will stand at stud, gets three shares; and Lucien Laurin, the colt's trainer, gets one. That's a maximum of 36 shares, or 36 mares that Secretariat may be asked to service in his first year at stud. At Claiborne his stall is the one formerly occupied by his late sire, Bold Ruler, and before that by his grandure, Nisrullah.

If Secretariat performs satisfactorily, says Seth Hancock of Claiborne, he will probably be bred as an experienced stallion to a full book of 42 to 44 mares in his second year. These extra "seasons" will be awarded to syndicate members by lot. "I'll drop the names in a hat," says Hancock, "and pull out the number of extra seasons I decide on. The ones whose names are pulled out get the extra seasons. They can breed another mare to him or sell the season to another breeder. The following year I'll put the remaining names in a hat and draw again, and we will go through the same process year by year until everybody has had an extra season."

BLOOD AND SNOW

"I haven't seen anything like that since the VD slides they showed us in the Navy," said a middle-aged man. He was one of 260 ski enthusiasts gathered at the first session of "SkiCon 73," a three-hour course given by doctors, all avid skiers themselves, at the Washoe Medical Center in Reno, Nev. They showed slow-motion color films of arms, legs, necks and pelvises in the process of being contused, cracked and shattered. They showed slides of X-rays of fractures and the great amount of hardware sometimes needed to put things together again. They showed pictures of open, bloody wounds

and told what can go wrong with cardiovascular, respiratory and skeletal systems of skiers who approach the slopes without respect and preparation.

The gory point made, the doctors gave advice on how to get into condition, how to prevent accidents, how to ski safely. Local ski shops and manufacturers' representatives showed how to use and maintain bindings, boots and skis.

Because the neighboring Sierra Nevada is said to contain more facilities than any ski area of comparable size in the world, local hospitals are overburdened with disabled skiers every winter. The medical center hopes that "SkiCon 73" will help to reduce the casualty list. The first class was such a success that 250 more fought their way through wind, rain and snow to pay the \$1 fee for a second session, and dozens have already enrolled for a third session. The more now, the doctors figure, the fewer later.

SQUASH THIS ONE

Doctors were less blunt in Scotland. An antismoking poster showing a young man lying dead on a squash court was captioned, "A lot of young men stop smoking suddenly." Squash players were furious. Doctors at Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, where the poster was displayed, asked that it be removed on the grounds that it was misleading and could stop people from playing squash and other games. "We were disturbed to see sudden death and physical exercise linked in this dramatic form," said one doctor. It would have been more sensible, the doctors argued, to show the young man at a bus stop, or in a restaurant or slumped over a steering wheel.

CRESHAW'S NELON

His sensational start as a golf professional—he won and was second in his first two tournaments as a pro—has made 21-year-old Ben Crenshaw a most marketable commodity. Crenshaw's pleasant good looks and remarkable golfing ability brought the commercial flies abuzzing, and he was quickly asked to endorse everything from shaving cream to snow tires. However, his financial advisers are saying no for the time being. "The offers that Ben has received are unbelievable," says Bill Sansing, one of Crenshaw's business agents who also serves as one of Jack Nicklaus' financial pros. "If we accepted even half of them, Ben would be set financially for many years.

But after consulting Nicklaus and Ben's father Charley, we decided that the wisest move at this time is not to accept any of them. About the only agreement we have made is with the advisory staff of a golf magazine.

"Nicklaus says that a young golfer should get out and play golf, and not worry about money—that will come if Crenshaw is half the golfer all of us think he is. Jack says he has seen many young golfers hurt their careers by getting dollar signs in their eyes. So for a year or two Ben will get practically no commercial exposure away from the golf course."

In the meantime Crenshaw won't starve. He won \$76,749 in his first two starts, and if he were to continue at that fantastic rate he would earn \$600,000 in 1974. Who needs endorsements?

HI THERE, SPORTS FANS

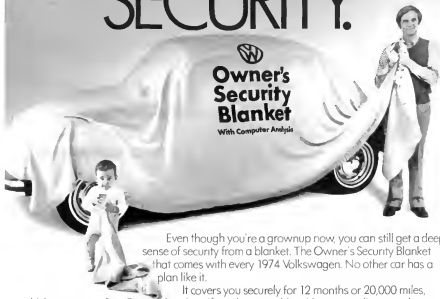
A man in Illinois has a 7-year-old son who learned to read last year in the first grade and has since consolidated his skill by regularly reading newspaper sports sections. One day not long ago he asked his father if he had ever been in the hospital. The father replied no, he hadn't, not ever. The boy looked at him for a moment or two and said, "One of these days you'll have a heart attack and have to go to the hospital." Pause. "That'll break up your no-hitter."

THEY SAID IT

- Bob Cousy, explaining why he resigned as coach of the Kansas City-Omaha Kings, who are in last place in the Midwest Division of the Western Conference of the NBA: "Maybe they need a new voice screaming at them."
- Bill Ford, owner of the Detroit Lions, after his team's 20-0 Thanksgiving Day loss to the Washington Redskins: "They had the distinction of disgracing themselves from coast to coast instead of just locally."
- Tom Henshott, Boston Celtic coach, on why he played basketball instead of football at Holy Cross: "If I was going to get beat up, I wanted to be indoors where it was warm."
- Glenn Potter, Brigham Young basketball coach, describing three different defenses his team is currently using: "No. 1 is the funnel, where we lead them right to the basket. No. 2 is the sieve, where we let them go anywhere. No. 3 is the matador, where we just wave at them as they go by."

END

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'BAMA TAKES CHARGE

The Crimson Tide has moved ahead in the race for the national championship, thanks to the Ohio State-Michigan tie, but one false step and Notre Dame, Oklahoma and Penn State are poised to pounce by RAY KENNEDY

Somewhere between the bloodletting in South Bend and the hysteria in Los Angeles last week, a Michigan alumnus returning to Ann Arbor for his big football weekend sat in the jam-packed bar at a Holiday Inn, passing the time as any diehard fan might. Long in the tooth and red of eye, he was watching yet another key college game on a portable Sony TV precariously balanced on his knees. Suddenly he complained of something akin to double vision.

"I think," he said, peering blearily from beneath an outrageously floppy blue-and-gold cap bearing the banner SAVE FUEL, BURN WOODY, "I just saw

Chris Schenkel score on an end around."

So it might have appeared to most anyone who tried to digest the entire menu of college football served up over the long Thanksgiving weekend. Nine of the nation's top 10 college teams met in matchups arranged by that Great Mover and Shaker of Schedules—ABC-TV. All told, six undefeated records were put on the line. Four conference titles were at stake. Both Rose Bowl berths were decided. And, as usual, when all was computed and disputed, the answer to the ultimate question of Who is No. 1? satisfied practically nobody.

Certainly not Notre Dame. The Irish,

ranked No. 5, dismantled the Air Force 48-15 in the only real turkey of a game but, given a schedule that was something less than formidable this year, Notre Dame's lopsided win did little to detract from its reputation as a bunch of bullies beating up defenseless tykes.

The same cannot be said of Barry Switzer's first Oklahoma team. No matter that the Sooners, banned from playing in bowl games this season because of recruiting violations committed while Switzer was an assistant, have image problems of their own. After No. 3 Oklahoma thumped No. 10 Nebraska 27-0, Switzer declared his team numero uno because the

Fleeing downfield after faking a pitchout, Quarterback Barry Rutledge heads for the end zone and Alabama's first touchdown against LSU.



Sooners play a tougher schedule than any other claimant to the crown.

"I'm sure there is prejudice against us," he said, "but if we're not the best team, I don't know who is."

No. 8 UCLA and No. 9 USC were not out to claim anything except the rights to the Pacific Eight title and the fringe benefits derived therefrom. The Trojans won that typically rowdy encounter (page 90) and will be in the Rose Bowl on New Year's Day.

But when it comes to gritty rivalries, none of last week's games were so crucial or promised so much mayhem as the confrontations between No. 2 Alabama (see cover) and No. 7 LSU, and No. 1 Ohio State and No. 4 Michigan. Each was a classic reunion of teacher and pupil and each in its own way taught the same lesson: respect your elders.

When Bear Bryant brought the Crimson Tide to Baton Rouge last week, the mist had not settled on the bayous before he and LSU's Charlie McClendon were bragging on one another again. It is a gracious Southern ritual that has been going on since McClendon, who is not only a fellow traveler from Arkansas but played and coached under Bryant, took over LSU in 1962.

According to the script, Bryant puts on his most venerable face and then will say as he did last week, "Cholly Mac and I are good friends, as everyone knows, and I hope he'll be kind to his old coach." Then, after Bryant's boys waylay McClendon's, as they have done seven times in nine meetings, Cholly Mac will draw, "Somehow, I don't think Bear taught me all he knows."

There were hints of that last week when Bryant rightly prophesied that "mistakes will decide this game." ABC made the first one when it scheduled the game for prime time only to find that it would be bucking heads with NBC's offering of *My Fair Lady*. So, pulling strings again, ABC rescheduled the kickoff for the odd hour of 5:35 p.m. "As cute as Bear Bryant is," said one ABC operative, "he can't match Audrey Hepburn."

Collaring the referees before the game, Bryant tried to make certain that his

continued

Towering defense, such as this by Oklahoma's LaRoy Selmon, crumpled Nebraska's passing.



young squad would not be rattled by Tiger Stadium, a notorious arena that has justifiably been dubbed Death Valley. No delay-of-game calls were made against the crowd but it was not for their want of trying. With the Southeastern Conference title at stake and both teams flaunting unblemished records, the playing conditions were, as one 'Bama player described them, "downright hellacious."

There were smoke bombs, Roman candles, barrages of oranges and, above all, an almost constant ear-thumping roar that was augmented by Mike III, a huge Bengal tiger that was strategically posted at the gate through which the visiting team must pass to enter the playing field. "Don't pay him no attention," Bear told his players. "He's as old as I am."

It was Alabama, however, who took the Tigers by the tail in the first half. One of the top 10 teams in scoring, rushing, total offense and total defense, Alabama must also lead in the unofficial category of total depth. Shuttling 70 or more players into each game, Bryant this year achieved a battering effect on opposing teams.

Something had to give and, after LSU held Alabama to a standoff in the first period, a hurried Tiger handoff went astray and 'Bama Tackle Mike Raines, who was a tidal force unto himself all



Archie Griffin put on a dazzling display of running through—and flying over—Michigan.

night long, pounced on the ball on the LSU 19. Then Quarterback Gary Rutledge, a rangy redhead who looks like Huck Finn in hip pads, made a beautifully deceptive fake into the line and peeled off on a keeper to score easily.

Rutledge caught the Tiger defense out of sync again a few minutes later when he sucked in the safety with a running fake and flipped a pass to a very lonely tight end, George Pugh, who loped into the end zone for a 49-yard scoring play. LSU's third and last critical error came in the third quarter when Tiger Cornerback Mike Williams fell while covering 'Bama's Wayne Wheeler and the fleet split end easily turned the pass play into a 77-yard touchdown.

Down 21-0 early in the fourth quarter, LSU and the denizens of Tiger Stadium came alive again on a rampaging drive led by Quarterback Mike Miley, a scrambler who prefers to bang up the middle rather than seek the solace of the sidelines. Starting on his 18, Miley quickly took the Tigers 42 yards and then called on Tailback Brad Davis, a squat, low-flying power runner who was the leading rusher for the evening with 143 yards, to apply the finishing touch.

Breaking over left guard, Davis ran

smack into a gang mugging but then somehow came out the other side and went 40 yards for a touchdown. LSU threatened once more but sophomore Alabama Linebacker Woodrow Lowe, who Bryant feels is better than Lee Roy Jordan was during his college years, added an interception to his 11 solo tackles to ensure a 21-7 Alabama victory.

Afterward, Bryant and McClendon slipped back into their routine. "I'm tickled to death to win from Cholly Mac," said the Bear. "He's taught me a lot. I always try to learn from my best boys."

McClendon was characteristically more demonstrative. Sipping a beer, he said, "Dagburn it! The program says that 'Bama center is 223 pounds. Why, his one damn leg weighs 223. It just doesn't seem proper that 'Bama gets all those good folks who like to play. But I'll tell you something, the best one of 'em all is old Bear himself."

No such warm bonds are outwardly evident between Woody Hayes and his former assistant at Ohio State, Bo Schembechler. For one thing, Hayes is averse to mentioning rival coaches' names, so for public purposes Schembechler of Michigan is "the coach from that school up north." For another, both coaches have authored new books, and Bo's *Man in Motion*, in which he reveals that Hayes is not only less of a handball player but once threw a chair at him dur-



Bell aloft, the Wake Forest's Dorella Franklin high-staple his way to the tying touchdown.



squirming Archie Griffin could take it. He did not score but he slipped enough tackles to get 163 yards in 30 carries and set up a 31-yard second-quarter field goal by Blair Conway and a later five-yard TD burst by Pete Johnson.

Michigan's awakening did not come until the second half. More specifically, it was late in the third quarter when Buckeye Quarterback Cornelius Greene, facing fourth and two at the Wolverine 34, tried to sneak for the yardage. He did not make it. "I really thought we were going on to score a touchdown and maybe put the game out of reach," Woody said later.

Just as Griffin had done for Ohio State, Ed Shuttlesworth moved Michigan. "We had a great fullback in there today," said Schembechler after Shuttlesworth had gained 116 yards in 27 cracks at the heart of the Buckeye defense. "I don't remember him running that well against us the last two years," said Hayes.

Shuttlesworth carried on eight of the 11 plays that led to a 30-yard field goal by Mike Lantry early in the fourth quarter. The game-tying 49-yard TD drive featured Shuttlesworth also but it was Franklin's 27-yard pass to Paul Seal that was the biggest gainer. Franklin scored the touchdown from the 10 after a nifty inside fake to his fullback.

With Griffin carrying four straight times for 29 yards, Ohio State responded with a late bid to regain the lead. But Griffin missed two plays with a leg cramp and the drive lost its impetus.

Franklin then took Michigan to the Ohio State 48 before he was hurt. Substitute Larry Cipa entered with 2:25 remaining—under orders to stay on the ground. Schembechler was less than convincing when he explained later, "We didn't settle for a tie, we did everything we could to win." Three running plays leading to a 58-yard field-goal attempt (that came remarkably close) did not seem much like pulling out all the stops. "I was surprised," admitted Hayes. A pass interception gave Michigan a more realistic opportunity from the Buckeye 34 but this time Lantry missed badly.

As the seconds ran out on the 10-10 tie, 105,223 people, an NCAA regular-season record, went home assuring the Big Ten's Rose Bowl representative would be Michigan, since Ohio State had gone last season. But on Sunday a vote of conference athletic directors produced something of a surprise. The choice was

Ohio State, no doubt a reflection of the Buckeyes' more impressive season and the fact that Franklin probably would be unable to play. The Big Ten has lost the last four Rose Bowls, so its athletic directors were guided by expedience, not sentiment. "I'm very bitter," said Schembechler. "It's a tragic thing for Big Ten football."

When the hectic week had ended, Alabama was the majority choice for No. 1. The Tide had started the year No. 4 in the polls, trailing USC, the defending champion, Nebraska and Ohio State. In late September, when USC was tied by Oklahoma, the Trojans fell back and Ohio State vaulted over Nebraska (which almost lost to a weak Wisconsin) into first. Alabama went to third. At mid-season Nebraska was upset by Missouri, yielding the second spot to the Tide, and so it remained until last week. Alabama scored impressive victories but so did Ohio State and the unwritten law of the polls says that whatever team holds the top spot continues to hold it until it loses, ties or, perhaps, wins shakily.

It is this law that now gives No. 1 to Alabama instead of to Notre Dame or Penn State, both of whom are equally unbeaten and untied. Worry not for the Irish, however. Last week's tie (an ironic 10-10) at Ann Arbor was like an early Christmas present for Ara Parseghian, for both Big Ten teams were ranked ahead of Notre Dame. Now, if the Irish should beat Alabama in the Sugar Bowl on New Year's Eve, there is an excellent chance they would be voted the national championship—and why not? If you are unbeaten, untied and you whip the No. 1 team, you deserve it.

Penn State? Joe Paterno needs a miracle, namely an Alabama loss this week, followed by an Alabama victory over Notre Dame in New Orleans. Or the other way around. If both teams are unbeaten going into the Sugar Bowl, as is likely, Penn State must hope for a tie—and even that might not convince the voters.

The most curious case is Oklahoma. It started the big week No. 3 and won more impressively than any other team, but it is bowl-boundless. To be No. 1, it needs all the aforementioned miracles, plus a prayer that the voters will not be prejudiced by its probation.

One thing is certain. Ara can hope, Joe can hope, Barry can hope. Maybe even Woody can hope. But as of now, only the Bear has it.

ing a heated argument, sells for a mere \$6.95 while Woody's *You Win with People* commands \$8.95.

On the field the differences in style are so minimal that Schembechler, to his undying chagrin, is called a "chip off the old Woody" and "Little Woody." Both are hard drivers, have hot tempers, prefer the grind-it-out offense and are always looking for new ways to make the relentless business of winning a trifle more interesting. Last week, for instance, Bo lectured his team about "thinking No. 1 until it's stamped on your mind." Then on cue, a bald assistant stepped forward and took off a stocking cap to reveal a big blue "No. 1" painted on his pate.

The game predictably developed into an unimaginative clash of 11 formation offenses butting against two of the best defenses in the country. Hayes came to Ann Arbor with the unspoken knowledge that the Buckeyes not only would not throw, but could not. "I can tell you that now," he said afterward—when it had become obvious. Nor is Michigan's passing worthy of celebration either but it became very effective toward the end before Quarterback Dennis Franklin suffered a broken collarbone and Schembechler deflated the ball and his team's winning chances. Ultimately, the caution may have cost Michigan the Rose Bowl invitation.

Ohio State went only as far as the

For months the California companies that supply surfboards to America and most of the world have filled the trade magazines with triumphant claims of "revolutionary breakthroughs" in board design. But in the fifth annual Smeemoff World Pro-Am Surfing Championship, held last week at a little-known and somewhat grubby beach called Lanikaia on Hawaii's famed North Shore, the most highly advertised board—the Bonzer—never left the beach. Judging by the result, the breakthrough—if, indeed, it has occurred—was accomplished in just about absolute secrecy in the world's most remote and least visited metropolis: Perth, Australia.

The Australian entry was demonstrated convincingly by one of its co-designers, 21-year-old Ian Cairns (below), who skimmed across the collapsing walls of Lanikaia's testy waves on his triple-finned, double-concave West Coast board to win the grand prize of \$5,000. No one outside of Perth had ever heard of West Coast surfboards before and on the day of the tournament hardly anyone in Hawaii knew that Ian Cairns existed. He was not one of the 30 renowned surfers who had been invited to compete, and he had come only in the hope of filling a no-show slot.

"I thought if I could get in I might have a chance to win," Cairns said afterward. "It really is a good board, you know. But it isn't exactly an invention. There have been other double-concave boards, and others with two or three fins. But I got to talking with two friends of mine and we decided we could improve on them, so I quit my job and got to it." The job Cairns quit was in his father's fireproof-door factory and, when seen

A RADICAL CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARDS

He is Ian Cairns, who won the world's richest tournament on his homemade tripla-finned, double-concave surfboard by RICHARD W. JOHNSTON

from above, the 7'6" board he and his buddies shaped does not look like much of a departure. But viewed from behind at eye level, the difference is apparent.

The underside of the stern resembles a pair of arched eyebrows over the long, pinched nose of the central fin or skeg. At the tips of the eyebrows two tiny subfins descend from the rails (edges) like medium-short sideburns. The grooves created by the arched brows slope gently up to the center of the board, which has less scoop than most boards. (Scoop is the surfing term for the clipper-ship up-sweep of the pointed prow.) As in many boards designed for speed, the rails are flat to the water. This sends the wake streaming straight back, rather than deflecting it to the sides, and the long grooves of the West Coast design aerate it so that a sort of hydrofoil-jet effect is obtained.

Cairns had only the one board with him—unheard of for an international competitor, some of whom carry as many as 15—but it proved to be the right one for the treacherous Lanikaia surf, in which the waves slide right and often break at the top instead of arching over to form curls or tubes. To beat Lanikaia, a contestant had to streak along the face of the wall at flank speed to keep

from being wiped out by the pursuing spill. Congratulating Cairns after his victory, Lord James Blears, the onetime professional wrestler who has become a respected senior surfer as well as father of two world champions, Jimmy and Laura, exclaimed: "I've never seen a surfboard go that fast. Never."

Few Hawaiian surfers or shapers expected any radical design to succeed in the Smeemoff. It is almost a matter of doctrine in Hawaii that big surf takes a big board—a standard gun eight to 12 feet long—and big surf is what the North Shore normally produces in November, with waves even reaching an unsurfable 30 feet. But not this year. Last Monday and Tuesday the sea at Sunset Beach, the Pipeline and Haleiwa looked like Walden Pond in Haleri. On Wednesday, Meet Director Fred Hemmings Jr. abruptly ordered the troops to Lanikaia after the surf there suddenly rose to eight feet.

Given a choice, nobody would have picked Lanikaia. Coral runs the water's edge, and the narrow beach above it looks like the crust of an old piece of toast. There is no parking area, and anyone who is not willing to walk a mile for an amenity—be it telephone, sandwich or toilet—should have stood at Waikiki.





Cairns' board features a novel set of shags.

But none of these disabilities mattered to the contestants from Australia, Peru, Japan, California, Florida and Hawaii who gathered around Hemmings at 11:30 a.m. as he prepared to send out the first of five six-man heats. At that moment a career—and perhaps a revolution—was launched. Ivo Hanza of Peru was missing, and Hemmings beckoned to Cairns.

The young Australian found himself in tough company—Jim (Booby) Jones, Bunker Spreckels and Jimmy Blears, all of Hawaii, and the redoubtable Californian Mike Purpus, among others—and nobody noticed him or his board until he scrambled to a qualifying third place. Cairns squeaked into the semifinals as well, where he was up against Purpus, Jeff Hakman, 1972's leading money winner, and Jones and Larry Bertleman, both part Hawaiian and popular favorites, and Dave Bakernak, the first Florida surfer ever to reach the Smirnoff final.

At intervals the surf, as though responding to a moody, overcast sky, had dropped as low as four feet and most of

the time had hung between six and eight. Now, as the six finalists paddled out in premature twilight, the waves began to surge and an occasional 10-footer ripped down the surfline from the point. Hope flared among the remnants of the meager crowd. With three locally based surfers in the final there was at least a chance that Hawaii might at last claim the sport's richest prize.

That hope persisted to the very end, with Hakman and Cairns only micro-points apart. It died just after a long and thrilling ride down a nine-foot wave by Hakman. Far up toward the point, Cairns appeared on the crest of a 10-footer and began the dazzling expedition that Blears described as the fastest ride he had ever seen. Even so, it was close. After consultations that were completed by flashlight, the judges voted 3-2 for Cairns.

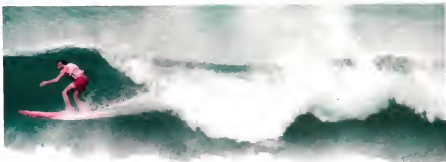
Was it the man or the board? This was still a matter of debate at week's end. The few spectators who had been willing to bet on a radical design had been distracted by Bunker Spreckels' wild Air Board, with three diagonal holes blown through it by a .410-gauge shotgun and then smoothed and glassed to make air channels that began on top and followed grooves to the stern. Alas, Spreckels, a Kauai resident and scion of the old sugar family, did not have the courage of his confessions—he left the Air Board ashore and failed to qualify on a conventional design. Others had been beguiled by ads that quoted Hakman as saying, "On my Bonzer, I gain speed out of my turns and cutbacks, allowing me to cover more area."

But Hakman did not ride a Bonzer in the Smirnoff, though one lay forlornly on the sand all afternoon. More than

most professional athletes, surfers need money (the \$10,000 Smirnoff is the sport's biggest pot), and like most professionals they sell endorsements. "The Bonzer's all right," Hakman said between heats, "but I wouldn't use it in waves much over four feet. It's good for a lot of California surf, but when I'm going for the money I use Dick Brewer's boards. They're the best in the world."

Before the tournament Brewer, the gentle, 37-year-old engineer and machinist who left California for Hawaii in 1960 and now shapes 1,000 boards a year, 50% of them custom jobs for an elite world-wide clientele, said, "The modern surfboard has already happened. All we can do now is refine it." Nobody refines it better, as Ian Cairns would readily admit after his duel with Hakman, who made his last ride on a Brewer Swallowtail. Cairns also would concede a certain debt to the Bonzer, since it too is a double concave, three-finned board, though its configuration is entirely different from Cairns' West Coast.

But neither Cairns nor a number of other young surfer-shapers would agree with Brewer that the modern surfboard has reached its ultimate evolutionary form. For the signal surfing fact of 1973 is that Ian Cairns, a comparative novice on a radical board, beat the enormously experienced Hakman on a superlative conventional board turned out by a great shaper. Moreover, he did it on surf that ranged from hot dog to big gun. In the light of Cairns' last swift ride, it does not seem inconceivable that the principles embodied in the West Coast could be applied to the standard large boards for Hawaii's really big surf. And that would make it a revolution. **END**



HERE'S HOW TO WIN GAMES AND...

The Denver Broncos, who have never had a winning season, took over first place in their division last weekend by beating Kansas City, a feat attributable to a coach who's a certified Dale Carnegie instructor **by JOE MARSHALL**



John Ralston's upbeat philosophy has influenced such people as Tight End Ricky Davis.

The sign on their locker-room door identifies them as The Mighty Broncos. Surely that can't be the *Denver* Broncos, the team with the vertical stripes on their socks? Well, look again. The Denver Broncos have not lost a football game in seven weeks, and last Sunday they beat the Kansas City Chiefs 14-10 to raise their record to 6-3-2 and take a half-game lead over both the Chiefs and the Oakland Raiders in the AFC West.

The Broncos won because they managed to survive a miserable start, just as they have managed to survive losing three of their first four games. By the middle of the second quarter the Chiefs were at the Bronco 20, leading 3-0 and threatening to run away with the contest. But Denver held, Jan Stenerud missed a chip shot field goal and the Broncos came to life.

Twice on second-and-nine in Denver's next series, Quarterback Charley Johnson threw deep to his right to Wide Receiver Haven Moses. The first pass gained 26 yards to the Chief 40. The second, from the Kansas City 18 just after the two-minute warning, was good for six points, Moses making a one-handed grab of a floater in the right front corner of the end zone.

The Broncos got the ball back quickly on an interception. Three plays later, when Jim Marsalis came in to replace injured Chief Cornerback Emmitt Thomas, Johnson went to Moses again. The Broncos were merely thinking of getting within field-goal range but Moses jukeb Marsalis at the 25 and went the rest of the way for a 40-yard touchdown.

The second half was disastrous for Kansas City. It stumbled and stammered until midway through the fourth quarter. Finally, Mike Livingston, who replaced an injured Lenny Dawson at quarterback four weeks ago and brought the Chiefs to life just when last rises were being administered, found Oss Taylor in

the end zone with a seven-yard pass, narrowing the margin to four points.

Kansas City had one more try, but with 40 seconds to play Livingston's pass bounced off Tight End Gary Butler at the Bronco 19 and into the hands of Denver Safety Charles Greer.

"We're going now. First the division, then the championship, then the Super Bowl," said Tackle Larron Jackson in the locker room.

But weren't the Broncos aware of how close they had come to losing? "We knew we'd stop them," said Defensive End Lyle Alzado. "Coach Ralston knew. How could we doubt it?"

Credit the positive thinking to John Ralston, a certified Dale Carnegie instructor. When he came to Denver last year after producing two straight Rose Bowl champions at Stanford, he immediately started telling the Broncos, who had never had a winning season, that they could be winners. He even predicted a 10-4 season. When the team's record reached 1-4 he was asked what his new prediction was. Ralston reacted as if it were a trick question. Why wouldn't it still be 10-4? Skeptics tapped their temples and exchanged meaningful glances. That weekend the Broncos beat Oakland for the first time in 10 years.

Ralston did not expect immediate converts to his way of thinking, but he never doubted that he would get his message across. "You don't fake this sort of thing," he says. "If you put up a false facade of positive thinking, people will see through it. I'm just this way all the time." Eventually his players began to understand that the Dale Carnegie system fit John Ralston more than it had changed him. Two weeks ago, when he told the Broncos that their biggest problem in going to Pittsburgh would be fighting the victory celebration when they arrived back at the Denver airport, there were no longer any doubters.

"At first we all thought he was a little bit corny," said Tackle Mike Current last week. "We used to get out of meetings and laugh at him. Maybe some of us thought we knew more about football than he did. But he and his staff have shown us that they know what they're doing. This is my seventh year and it's the first time that on Thanksgiving I ever thought of anything but eating turkey."

On game days Ralston limits himself to just four tasks, the most important of which is to encourage the team. Last year when Floyd Little ran 55 yards for a touchdown in Yankee Stadium, Ralston almost beat him down the sideline to the end zone. "I'm the team's No. 1 cheerleader," he says with a big smile. "I make sure I talk to anybody who's just made a key mistake and tell him not to worry about it."

Not that Ralston believes that positive thinking alone can win football games. "You don't move up to a stove and expect to get warmth out of it without putting wood in it," is how he phrases it, and he has worked hard at refueling the Broncos. Since his arrival in Denver, the Broncos have added Johnson, their 22nd quarterback but the first one who has brought any real competency to the position, Center Bobby Maples; Wide Receivers Moses and Gene Washington; and Linebackers Ray May and Bill Laskey. Yet they still have their first four 1974 draft choices and 11 of last year's selections are on the squad.

Besides personnel changes, Ralston is responsible for three major alterations. First, all plays are now called by Offensive Coordinator Max Coley, although Johnson can overrule him. Second, Little has been turned into a more versatile performer. He has already caught more passes—35—than in any other season in his career and, with 834 yards rushing, more of them on sweeps than heretofore, seems assured of another 1,000-yard season. Last, and most important, the Broncos are committed to being unpredictable: they throw the ball 50% of the time on first down.

And the unpredictable offense is manned by some highly unlikely football players. Johnson has a Ph.D. in chemical engineering. Little is going to the University of Denver law school at night; he had to get a unanimous vote from his class to excuse him for the Broncos' Monday night game with the Raiders. Jackson will soon be a CPA, and Guard Tommy Lyons, probably the smallest offensive lineman in the league at some 220 pounds, is a medical student at the University of Colorado. Going into the Kansas City game the Broncos ranked second in the AFC in total offense and first in passing. Not that it's hard for John-

son and his receivers to think positively—they practice against the conference's third-worst pass defense.

The problem on defense has been too many characters and not enough character. Alzado, for instance, recently set what he was told was the world record for consuming Whoppers. He ate 10 in 30 minutes and says he could have singlehandedly set the two-man team record (13) if he had not felt an obligation to the squad not to make himself sick the week of the Pittsburgh game. Alzado used to practice for this sort of thing at Yankton (S. Dak.) College where he once slopped down 17 chocolate cream pies to win the campus pre-cutting championship. At cornerback the Broncos have a 15th-round draft choice named Calvin Jones who is 5'7". Jones can touch the goalpost crossbar from a standstill and on a basketball court can dunk a volleyball. "I could dunk a basketball but my hands aren't big enough to grip it," he says. Defensive End Pete Duranko is the group's musician. He plays the harmonica, the kazoo and—his forte—the spoons, and leads the training camp jug band. Defensive Tackle Paul Smith accompanies on the washboard or the bongos while Alzado plays second spoons. As a gauge of the disparity between the Broncos' offense and defense, Lyons was a guest conductor with the Denver Symphony in the off-season.

Ray May, who came to the team from Baltimore before the fourth game, has tried to establish a sense of unity in the defense by introducing the practice of holding hands in the huddle. It was a point in May's favor that he had played on a Super Bowl winner. The Broncos might have looked askance at a Houston Oilers who suggested holding hands. So now the Whopper eater, the midget high jumper, the spoons player, *et al.*, hold hands and are even beginning to display some defense, which makes the Broncos almost as good as John Ralston keeps telling them they can be.

"It's an all-encompassing obsession of mine and my family's to go to and win the Super Bowl," Ralston said last week. "Just like it was our all-encompassing obsession to go to and win the Rose Bowl. And it's going to happen sooner or later. It's inevitable." He smiled broadly. "It's inevitable." **END**

NO FUELING, THE CRISIS IS HERE

The U.S. energy shortage suddenly reached the world of sport and recreation as the President put brakes on weekend driving **by WILLIAM JOHNSON**

Not long ago President Nixon summoned a group of governors to the White House for a discussion of the nation's energy emergency and, as is his wont, began the meeting with some unconnected small talk. First the President dwelled lightly upon the fortunes of his No. 1 favorite sports organization, the Washington Redskins. Then he turned to Marvin Mandel, the Governor of Maryland, and inquired as to precisely what has gone wrong with the Baltimore Colts this season. Without hesitation, Mandel quipped, "Same thing that brought us here today, Mr. President—lack of energy."

And now, suddenly, lack of energy is not a joke at all. Last Sunday night the President set forth the first dour specifics, a series of measures meant to cope with the crisis. With his announcements came the certainty that the energy shortage will change the way we all live, including our sports and recreation. The Sunday shutdown of gasoline pumps—including those serving powerboats, private planes and recreational vehicles—will have an immediate and direct effect on what Americans can do with their leisure time.

For at least a fortnight, talk about what might be done had swirled around. Here and there actions had been taken—both broad and narrow. The South African government instituted a full ban on off boating, private planes and auto racing, an act that sent a wave of chills through U.S. car-racing officials. At the other end of the spectrum, the management of the Kansas City Arrowhead Stadium ordered custodial personnel to cut

the temperature in public rest rooms to the meat locker level of 50°—an act that produced its own set of chills.

Professional basketball and hockey teams were experiencing more and more trouble with delayed or canceled flights; no games had yet been directly affected, but the NBA advised teams to review their transportation situation to avoid violating the ironclad rule that any team that misses a game will be fined a flat \$15,000—with no excuses of any kind accepted. The heat has been turned off in all the municipal swimming pools of Fort Lauderdale, and a rigid new rule is on the city books of Lauderdale Lakes: no basketball court will be lighted unless 10 players are on hand and ready to play. In Oregon a voluntary fuel-usage cut-back was proposed by Governor Tom McCall as early as last August, and his state school superintendent strongly suggested then that all football games be held in the afternoon. The recommendation was ignored by varsity teams because of the revenue involved. High school basketball games all over the country have been rescheduled to afternoon hours to save a bit of heating fuel, as well as the gasoline students would use going home and driving back to school again for a game. Big Ten Conference thinkers have suddenly realized that all of their schools are located alongside grand superhighways and are giving serious thought to chartering buses instead of planes for interleague contests. The situation at California's gigantic Manna del Rey has already reached the action—or non-action—level. No fewer than 780 of the 2,600 powerboats based there burn



No. 2 diesel oil, and the fuel dock exhausted its supply in November and will get approximately 7,000 gallons for the entire month of December—less than 10 gallons per boat. (A typical 38-foot powerboat running on two 350-hp engines uses 27 gallons per hour when cruising at 22 mph.) In Mount Laurel, N.J., the Ramblewood Country Club went on daylight savings all by itself to make more time for golf and less for clubhouse power consumption.

And so it went, large effects and small from a fuel-energy crisis the extent of



sance of a peaceful, less polluted, more leisurely life-style in an America minus gas-gulping 70-mph road monsters and our general all-round mindless consumption of energy—whether in the form of unlimited coast-to-coast jet flights, or the proliferation of drive-in hamburgers, drive-in banks, drive-in everything.

The one concrete fact about the U.S. fuel shortage is that it has arrived, which leads to apprehension about what else may lie ahead. It is impossible to gauge yet what savings the Sunday closings of gas stations will effect, since that depends on the spirit in which the American public will take the measure. But the very thought of limited Sunday travel is enough to cast deep gloom over those involved in almost every form of the recreation business, from pro football owners to amusement park operators, from scuba rentals in Florida to ski rentals in Vermont. What happens to owners of powerboats, planes, snowmobiles, trail bikes and the like? One New York state trooper was so upset by the prospect that he growled, "If they won't let me use my snowmobile, I'm going to put

a speeding ticket on every jerk I see with a pair of skis on his car."

Meanwhile, sports executives themselves are worried about the darkening situation. Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn has solicited from all team owners "recommendations to alleviate problems arising from the fuel shortage." The single most obvious method of saving power through baseball—eliminating night games—gives most baseball men a creepy feeling. Minnesota Twins President Calvin Griffith despairs at the thought of his sport being played solely in sunlight. "If they tell us we can't play night ball because of the electrical power drain, we can't exist," says Griffith. "From a business standpoint, we simply cannot play during the day. We couldn't even pay our hospital insurance with what we'd draw with all-day baseball." Bill Giles, vice-president of the Philadelphia Phillies, agrees with Griffith: "We'd average only about 10,000 fans without night games and we would draw less than 600,000 a year [compared to 1,475,935 in 1973]. I would guess the city alone would lose about \$300,000 in revenue on

continued

which no one had yet defined for certain. One of the more heartening sights over the Thanksgiving weekend was the massive, gentle submission by many U.S. motorists to the 30-mph highway speed limit suggested earlier by the President. Cynics could hardly believe the sight of normally savage speedways like the New York Thruway and New Jersey Turnpike taken over by docile, unhurried motorists rolling along as calmly as Amish buggy-drivers on their way to church. Indeed, there are those who see possibilities of real benefits from such curbs: the renaiss-





that basis and I don't even want to think of what the ball club would lose." The specter of strict gasoline rationing, which could come at some time in the future, is equally troubling. The Twins' Griffith says, "There is no doubt about it, if people are forced to make a decision on how to use their gas, we're going to be one of the last they'll show up for. And without people having a way to get to us, we're out of business."

But Dick Cecil, vice-president of the Atlanta Braves, disagrees. He can even see some possible good in rationing if it comes: "It could be that people wouldn't have the gasoline to drive up to the mountains or off to the lake and maybe they would drive to Atlanta Stadium instead." Maybe they would.

But the fact is that gas rationing—whether by formal edict, super-high taxation or plain shortages at the pump—is almost surely in the cards and will certainly have wide and sharp effects on enterprises as varied as racetracks and rodeos, trout fishing and tennis tournaments. Ski-area operators are desperately concerned. Over the Thanksgiving weekend Mammoth Mountain in Southern California was packed to the rafters, perhaps the largest single weekend crowd in its history, with 11,000 people on the slopes one day. Any serious clampdown

on driving would leave Mammoth a shell of its present robust self. Evan Russell, director of publicity there, says flatly, "If just Sunday driving were banned, it would close us out. About 90% of our business is from Los Angeles—and most of that by private car."

The powerboat industry is profoundly pessimistic about the future, as well it might be. Powerboat sales fell off just on the tide of talk about a fuel shortage. Monroe Spodeck, president of a Fort Lauderdale marina, says that his firm's boat sales have already plunged by 80%. He adds darkly (but perhaps accurately), "It would be better if we had a hurricane or something to destroy the marinas—at least that way we could collect insurance." In Mays Landing, N.J., Charles Walters, vice-president of Post Marine Company, which specializes in pleasure boats, observes, "We've had dealers cancel orders for boats. We laid off about 15 workers last week, paid them for the week, gave them a turkey for Thanksgiving and told them it was beyond our control. We tried as long as we could." Beyond the fuel problem lies another, styrene, a petroleum-based material used to make 65% of all fiber glass hulls, is in short supply and, thus, manufacturing—even of sailboats—will be sharply curtailed.

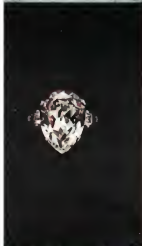
Snowmobiles, which are in some disrepute as environment wreckers anyway, are in deep trouble already. Says Bill Snyder, president of the Pennsylvania State Snowmobile Association and owner of a franchise in Marienville, Pa., "Sales have been nil in the last two weeks. If we go to gas rationing, there'll be a lot of our people going bankrupt. If things keep up like this, it could ruin snowmobiling as a recreational industry in Marienville." (Marienville took in more than \$440,000 in revenue last season from snowmobiling.)

Auto-racing people feel especially vulnerable to a fuel shortage, but for a different reason: a frustrated public's potential antagonism. Just to start, there is all that fuel the racers burn up at 130 mph when everybody else has to drive at 50. "We're a perfect target for everyone's resentments," says one spokesman. "It's just too easy for people to look out there and see those cars going around and around getting about two miles to the gallon and blame everything from gas rationing to cold living rooms on auto racing."

A fuel-company official in Chicago came up with figures last week indicating that the U.S. motoring public consumes about 96.6 billion gallons of gasoline in a year; of that, no more than 650,000 gallons (.00067 of 1%) is used in an average year of auto racing, or about the same amount of gasoline as is pumped by a single average service station in one year.

Almost as soon as the first whispers of fuel shortage reached their ears, five major U.S. racing associations banded together and swore to "inventory the situation within motor sports and prepare factual information to develop fair and reasonable regulations if they are thought to be necessary." Late last week this group, by this time known as the Automobile Competition Committee of the U.S., came up with its first set of statistics. ACCUS unfolded a 24-page report that included a complex list of figures purporting to show how much fuel was consumed in the practice and enjoyment of a whole series of sports and recreations—including auto racing. The figures will certainly be disputed—although, says ACCUS, the White House had a look at the list and did not dispute it. The auto-racing group insisted that

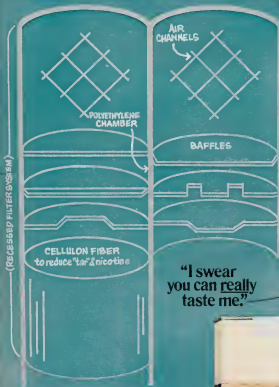
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these were the gallons consumed in the following leisure-time pursuits in the past year:

Vacation travel 5,416,140,827
Motion pictures (excluding drive-ins,
oddly enough) 749,578,653
Football 564,043,166
Basketball 238,394,571
Horse racing 97,522,973
Auto racing 93,639,696
Rodeos 88,000,000
Bowling 40,000,000
Baseball 33,657,289
Wrestling 27,108,185
Golf 14,560,000

ACCUS said that its figures included spectator travel for all sports, but team travel only for football and auto racing. It also added the light wattage for NFL night games into its "gallonage." Citing General Electric and the Florida Power & Light Co. as its major sources, ACCUS figured that NFL night games average 1,373 kilowatts per hour, 5,492 kilowatts per game and 71,396 kilowatts for the season. This they estimated as the energy equivalent of 4,760 gallons of petroleum fuel. In breaking down the fuel consumption of U.S. football, the auto racers figured that the NFL consumed—through team travel, spectator travel and stadium lights—the equivalent of 46,708,700 gallons a year; college football 141,097,216 gallons; high school football 376,237,250.

This is only one set of statistics in a gathering storm of figures being brought to bear on the energy crisis by sports executives. Another such exercise seems to prove that playing a night game beneath powerful stadium lights actually causes less of an energy drain than would occur if the event were canceled or held in broad daylight. In Austin, for example, a temporary energy shortage last year resulted in a controversy over whether the University of Texas should continue to play night games in Memorial Stadium. J. Neils Thompson, president of the Southwest Conference—who also happens to be a professor of civil engineering at the university—figured out that a four-hour night football game in the 60,916-seat stadium would consume 2,473 kilowatt-hours. That, said Thompson, is the same amount of power required to operate 1,860 color (or 2,610 black-and-white) TV sets for an evening. Thompson then

calculated that about 10,000 TV sets would remain off because of the crowd at the game and thus, he concluded, "There is nothing to be gained if we stop playing at night." A similar study in Seattle produced a similar result: a power-company expert estimated that an average crowd in Memorial Coliseum for a football game was 6,000 people, and that about 80% of them, or 4,800, would have stayed home if there were no game to go to. About half of the 4,800, he estimated, would have left a "partial family" at home using light, heat, TV, etc. But that meant that 2,400 had left dark and empty houses for four hours while they were at the game. They would have used more energy, he said, by staying home. The result? A net saving of power for the night. Another power company in a major league Midwestern city came up with the same general conclusion.

Whether the public makes up its mind about energy priorities on the basis of such computations remains to be seen, but it is a fact that the amount of power devoured by a single sporting event is enormous. Jim Appell, general manager of the Los Angeles Forum and one of the country's top lighting experts, figures that the power used to put on a single hockey game—including ice-making equipment, lighting, air conditioning, hot showers, parking-lot lights, scoreboard, etc., etc.—would total no less than 800 kilowatts. San Francisco's Candlestick Park uses about 300,000 kilowatts in a baseball season, enough to heat, light and run 45 homes for a full year.

So far, the crisis has not brought a real crunch to sport, yet many people are re-

calling the gray days of World War II when gas rationing forced the cancellation of the Indianapolis 500 and many other sporting events and the relocation of some horse-racing meetings. Officials both in college and professional circles are discussing consolidated schedules, fewer night games and an increasing emphasis on scheduling more games between teams in the same geographical area. It is ironic that sport must look to some hard sledding at the very time when there is sure to be a greater natural demand for the outlets of sport and recreational activity. Whatever else happens, it is not likely that leisure time will decrease in the days ahead; more likely it will increase. But the energy shortage will force changes in the way that time is used: more emphasis on activities near the home—tennis at municipal courts, for instance, or golf. Bicycling will surely continue to boom, as will other non-power-consuming activities such as fishing or sailing if travel is not involved. And the house itself will be even more of a sports center, with the television set as the focus. We are likely to become more troglodytic because of the fuel shortage, rather than less.

Meanwhile, Edgar Rosenbloom, the business manager of the hapless Baltimore Colts, had a cheerful scheme for solving his team's lack-of-energy crisis, both electrically and athletically: "We can save 50% of the power used in the stadium lights," said Rosenbloom. "All we have to do is turn the lights on when we get the ball and turn them off when our opponents get it." In Baltimore, that saving could exceed 50%. **END**





HORSING AROUND WITH BULL

King of today's rodeo cowboys, Larry (Bull) Mahan is not exactly your sedentary type, whether he is aboard a bronc, a bar stool, an airplane or an automobile racing at 100 mph to nowhere **by EDWIN SHRAKE**

We passed through the gas station at maybe not much over 100 miles an hour. Concern was detectable on the face of the attendant as he threw down his hose and flung himself against the wall. What he should have understood was if we didn't get to Redwood City pronto we might miss something down there. Anything could be happening in Redwood City at that very minute. By driving through the gas station we could go around the stop sign, cut an angle across the intersection and save precious seconds.

Nothing to it.

The man at the wheel in the white beaver hat, Navajo necklace and lizard-skin cowboy boots was a finely trained athlete at the peak of his powers. Plenty of nerve, reflexes of a great middleweight, the night vision of some kind of panther. As we bounced off the first curb and went sideways through the intersection, it briefly occurred to me: *Are you sure about nothing to it? This man has spent half his life in plaster of Paris.*

But by then we had hit another curb. That turned out to be convenient, because it meant we had almost quit rolling when the police surrounded us and jerked us out of the car.

"We were just on our way to Redwood City," I explained.

"Right now you're in Brisbane, and it looks like you're gonna be here for several days," the cop said, searching my person for dangerous substances, which I, of course, was innocent of.

Brisbane is down the road south of the Daly City Cow Palace where the last rodeo of the season still had three nights to go. The last rodeo before the National Finals, anyhow. Daly City is just south of San Francisco. The mayor of Daly City used to be Bob St. Clair, who was

well known for being a 49er tackle and for not needing a cooking fire to prepare his dinner.

"Who does that guy in the white hat think he is?" the cop said.

"He thinks he's the world champion cowboy," I said.

"He's Larry Mahan?"

"He thinks so."

Damaging information was not being given away. There were already half a dozen cops around Mahan, and they had his driver's license and were starting to put together his name with the events at the Cow Palace.

The cop looked at my driver's license.

"You guys both from Texas?" he said.

"Yeah," I said. Mahan carries a license from Oregon, where he was born, but I didn't know that, and besides he now lives in Dallas in a house in the suburbs where he keeps horses on the lawn.

"Then you don't know any better," the cop said.

Two or three cops were peering in the windows of the station wagon. Inside they saw Mahan's rigging bag, the three briefcases he totes his business papers in, boxes of books (*Fundamentals of Rodeo Riding, The Mental & Physical Approach to Success* by Larry Mahan, 4507 Katina, Dallas, Texas, \$3.95), bull ropes, halters, rosin, spurs, more hats, loud silk shirts and a pair of patchwork leather chaps that had roused a cry of admiration from a girl hitchhiker we had picked up that afternoon. "Wow! You ought to be the champion just for dressing like this!" she had said.

So I looked at him now, the All-Around Champion Cowboy who had just clinched that title for a record sixth time, passing Jim Shoulders. There never has been a great rider who was very tall. Shoulders is about six feet, but most of the good riders are about Mahan's size—5'9", 165 pounds. The really big cowboys are the calf ropers and steer wrestlers.

The cops had Mahan with his back against the hood of a patrol car. They told him to stand on his left foot, raise his right foot in the air, extend both arms, then slowly bring his right forefinger forward and touch the tip of his nose.

He did what they said and stuck his finger an inch up his right nostril.

Nothing to it.

Mahan grinned. He can sell almost anything, but what he sells best is himself. The cops picked up a few Larry Mahan ball-point pens that he passes around ("Hidy, hidy, I'm Larry Mahan, this thing's real handy for writing down somebody's phone number") and said we could get on down the road if

continued



THE GATE OPENS, and Mahan starts to earn his pay. At right, he whoops it up bareback.

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3 8-inch deep frame is the sturdiest Ford has ever put in a pickup. A real backbone for a strong, soundly engineered truck.



4 Stabilizer bars front & rear control the high, heavy load and reduce "camper sway." Combine with Twin-I-Beam front suspension for exceptional smoothness and handling ease. Try a winding road now!

5 Spare tire in body side behind a removable panel is easy to reach and roll out. A better idea that solves a long-time camper problem.



6 Frame-mounted gas tanks are out of the cab and, for convenience, both fill from the same side of the truck. Standard tank plus optional auxiliary tank add up to 43 gallons.

7 Heavy duty disc brakes at front and big 12" x 3" rear brakes provide reserve braking capacity. Power booster is dual-diaphragm type.



8 Heavy duty equipment includes larger radiator, transmission oil cooler, camper wiring harness, 55-amp. alternator, all standard.

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we departed at a slower pace. They said that there was hardly a thing in Redwood City we needed to see strong enough to take a shortcut through a gas station. So we went on down there, and if we missed anything I don't remember what it was.

Larry Mahan's nickname is Bull. A lot of the other riders call him that, and he likes it. *Bull*, in fact, is the title of his biography, now being written by Doug Hall, author of a new book called *Let 'er Buck!*, which is also mostly about Mahan. Hall lives in New York and has long hair and a beard. He dresses like one of those comic-fantasy cowboys. When he traveled with Mahan on the rodeo tour, he was known as the Freak. Not that appearances matter as much as they used to. One young cowboy said, "We might be the hippest traveling hippie commune in the world."

He was laughing when he said that. But the cowboys do travel together to as many as 200 rodeos in a year, and they share everything from gas and hamburger money to girls and information on bucking stock. The standard size for riders is 15½-33 in shirts and 30-33 in jeans. They swap their Goong Dorian the Road clothes. One bull rider travels with nothing but a toothbrush in his pocket. Mahan borrowed a pair of jeans from him once and found five different laundry marks in the pants, none of them the initials of the last rider who'd had them. Mahan flies his own twin-engine Cessna to many rodeos. He has crowded five cowboys into it and flown over the Rocky Mountains. Sometimes they stay six or eight in a motel room or borrowed apartment. Not many of them earn more than \$5,000 in a year. Living like that, they get pretty well acquainted with each other, and the attitudes of the younger ones soak through the structure. But of course the old rodeo cowboys lived the same way. They just used different words for it. Instead of calling it community, they called it freedom.

On Halloween night, an old car painted with sunbursts and butterflyes pulled up in front of a North Beach bar in San Francisco. Out of the front seat jumped a creature in an incredible costume. Furs, feathers, beads, makeup. He strutted the length of the bar, left arm extended, wrist flopping, right hand on hip, crying, "I'm Larry Mahan! I'm not afraid of anyone in this whole wretched place!"

Among the people who smiled at the performance was Larry Mahan, who was sitting at the bar with a glass of wine. Mahan doesn't drink much, but he does like a glass of wine now and then. "A few years ago, that would really get me," Mahan said. "There'd be blood on the floor in a minute. I used to be just about the straightest guy on the tour. I don't know when it started or what caused it, but I've loosened up. Some of my values have changed. Things are funny and enjoyable to me now that I might have taken a different way a few years ago."

At the National Finals, held in Oklahoma City the first week in December, the top 15 performers in each event get together for 10 go-rounds (a go-round is completed when each contestant has had one shot at his entry, whether it be the 15 bull riders in the National Finals, for example, or the 100-odd bull riders entered at the Cow Palace). Rodeo Announcer Clem McSpadden, Democratic Congressman and a bass-voiced, string-tied veteran of 30 years of grand entries, traditionally starts the National Finals by telling the crowd there won't be any hippies here, and one thing you can by-god do is tell the girls from the boys at a rodeo. Mahan, who is referred to by some Rodeo Cowboys Association officials as a maverick, has complained about the speech, saying the sport should outgrow that sort of thinking.

So many new cowboys are flocking onto the tour that a rodeo is liable to last for hours after the performance is officially scheduled to be over and the customers have gone home. At the Cow Palace, Mahan rode one of his bulls at one a.m. before an audience almost entirely of his peers. The financial rewards have not kept pace with the growth in number of rodeos, rodeo cowboys and spectators. Mahan's nearly \$60,000 in winnings this year would hardly compare to the \$278,124 in up-front money taken out of the golf tour by Jack Nicklaus. Mahan's approximate equal in stature in that sport. But the money is getting better, and the rodeo life is still kicking right along.

"Most of the guys are out here because they love to be around animals, love to compete, love the life," Mahan said. "They don't want to be stuck in some town all their lives at some dull job. The adrenaline flows pretty fast out here. Plenty of guys get hurt, but you worry about a good ride more than about your

safety. I figure if I ride three more years, I'll be up on 1,500 more head of bucking stock. Now it's not reasonable to think you can ride 1,500 head of bucking stock without going to the hospital, so you just put that idea out of your mind and think about riding and winning and loving the life. I love it more every day."

At 30, after 10 years of competing in big-league rodeos, Mahan is approaching the end of his riding career. Only a few rare individuals like Freckles Brown, the famous bull rider, keep on trying to sit on a wild animal as a regular matter after their middle 30s. In the bull riding at the National Finals this year, Mahan is cast as the aging star against a brilliant new generation that includes the year's leaders, 22-year-old Bobby Steiner and 20-year-old Don Gay, both from Texas rodeo families. Mahan is the all-around champion because he rides in three events (bareback, saddle bronc and bull), competes in more rodeos than most and wins more money than anybody. Mahan has won the bull riding twice, in 1965 and 1967. This year he was third going into the National Finals.

"Bulls are the meanest, rankest creatures on earth," he said. "Horses don't try to step on you when they throw you off. They don't want to trip. Bulls love to step on you, or whip your face into the back of their skull and break your nose and knock out your teeth. Getting your hand hung up in a hall rope is about the most dangerous thing in rodeoing. You have to transform yourself into some kind of a small beast. When I can't reach down and pull up a bunch of want-to-out of myself. I'll know it's time to quit."

Mahan moves fast and attacks his time as if it's a sin ever to be caught idle. He might be in San Francisco in the morning, Denver in the afternoon and Tucson at night. Meanwhile he will have ridden in a couple of rodeos, conducted three or four business deals and made 20 phone calls, his phone bill is never less than \$500 a month. The first time he flew solo in his Cessna, after being checked out in it for a few hours, he took off from Phoenix and landed in Cabo San Lucas to pose for some Jantzen ads. Skipper Lofting, who works for the RCA, says Mahan's thyroid gland must be the size of a hockey puck. "Here's a hell of a cowboy who carries an American Express card and skis with Billy Kidd," says former bull-riding champion Droopy

continued



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Brown. "Now what can you say about that?"

Another bull rider had bought several bottles of whiskey and cases of beer and was having a party in a motel room. He asked everybody who came in the door to give him a dollar to help pay for the party. One cowboy said, "That's a cheap blanking trick, making people pay a blanking dollar to go to a blanking party."

"You can't talk like that," the bull rider said. "My wife is here."

The cowboy looked directly into the face of the bull rider's wife and said, "Blank, blank, blank."

The bull rider flared the weeping dog-meat out of the cowboy and then kicked him in the head to put out his lights. "My wife don't like to hear talk like that, I told you," the bull rider said.

"That kind of thing doesn't happen very much anymore," Mahan said a little later. "It's not like it used to be, with a lot of fighting in honky-tonks. Guys are too busy moving on." We were down in the cowboy bar underneath the Cow Palace. The jukebox was playing both country and rock music. Cowboys were dancing with those sweet young things who are always around in those tight pants they wear. They say if a girl gets to running with cowboys, she won't ever have anything to do with anybody else. At least, cowboys say that. Plenty of girls seem to believe it. They'll drive hundreds of miles to see a rodeo and grab hold of a cowboy for a dance, a couple of beers and maybe a little romance. Boogie nmmas, Mahan calls them.

Cowboys crowded around the bar to pay a dollar for a shot of whiskey in a plastic cup. The bartender, Dennis, a sometime bull rider, was working hard beneath a painting of a nude woman stretched out on the wall. Droopy Brown and Don Gay were talking about bull riding. Droopy said it was pretty simple—keep your legs on either side of the bull and your mind in the middle, like Jim Shoulders had advised. Don Gay said it is sort of like you are sitting astraddle a chair with a beer in one hand, and a big mean guy you don't want to mess with comes over and starts banging the chair back and forth, and you hang on until the chair falls over, and then you get up and order another beer.

"These people who say we're being cruel to animals don't know what they're

talking about," Mahan said. "The animals are treated well. They don't work but a few minutes a year. A cowboy looks at a great bucking animal the way he would at a great athlete. Sometimes a horse will be saddle broke until he's 10 years old, and then all the sudden he'll start throwing everybody. He just got tired of people sitting on his back. So he could be a good bucking horse until he's 20 or 25 years old. A lot more cowboys get hurt than animals. My belief is if you see you're in a bad storm out there on a horse or bull and about to get upside down, it's better to just bail out. There's always another rodeo next week, and you don't want to miss it with a bunch of broken bones. But some cowboys just never will let go."

It is no myth about rodeo cowboys being tough. Mahan has had his jaw smashed, three vertebrae cracked and his foot broken. After he broke his foot in 1967, he put on a plaster cast and kept riding. In 1971 he was \$1,500 behind Phil Lyne for the all-around title when he broke his leg in two places during a bareback ride. The night we were down in the basement bar at the Cow Palace, a cowboy had been thrown and knocked cold in the arena. He awoke on a stretcher as he was being carried past a bar upstairs. "I'll get off here, fellows," he said, and went in and ordered a shot of bourbon.

"I'm not superstitious," Mahan said as the dancers shuffled around, "but I try to put bad thoughts out of my mind. If you only think about good things, maybe good things are all that will happen."

Just about then Dennis the bartender decided he had listened to enough mouth from a cowboy standing a few feet from Mahan. Dennis leaned across the bar and punched the cowboy in the face. Then Dennis leaped up on his knees on the bar and pounded the cowboy three or four more splats before some other cowboys pushed in and got in the way.

"Nace pong," Mahan said to his neighbor. "You didn't spill a drop."

The cowboy with the bloody face walked right back up to the bar and ordered another drink as if nothing out of order had happened. Dennis fixed it for him, rang up the dollar and not another word was said about the incident.

In the alley beside the chutes on the final night of the Cow Palace rodeo, Mahan

was fretting. He was already \$16,000 ahead in the all-around for the year and couldn't be caught no matter what happens at the National Finals, but he wanted to finish at the Cow Palace with a good ride. His first bareback horse the previous week had been a rough one named Necklace. Mahan had phoned ahead to find out what horse he had drawn. "When I heard it was Necklace, I got that sick, empty feeling in my stomach," he said. "I spent four days psyching myself up for that ride. I rode Necklace in my mind hundreds of times. In my mind I went through every trick Necklace could possibly pull on me, so when he came out of the chute I was ready."

But his last bareback horse this week, Blue Sky, had a reputation for taking three jumps and halting. A cowboy can't make a good score on a horse like that. The two judges each can give 25 points to the horse and 25 to the rider. If the horse doesn't buck it doesn't matter how well the rider performs for his eight seconds: the score will be low.

"This horse shouldn't be in the finals of a big rodeo," Mahan said, looking at the big white horse waiting in the chute. "It's three jumps and whoopee-ki-yi, head for Tulsa."

Bareback riding is the most punishing event in rodeo, according to Mahan. "Your hand in the rigging is the only point of control between you and the horse," he said. "The jerk and strain through the hand and arm to your body are tremendous, and you keep spurring as wildly as you can. You look like a big flying bird that's hooked onto the horse."

Mahan was digging through his bag and preparing his equipment while other cowboys paced up and down in the alley, nervously smoking and doing knee bends and checking their rigging. There was the warm smell of dung and fear. Mahan was trying to work up that sick, empty feeling in his stomach, but Blue Sky had not inspired him. He pulled out his rigging. A bareback rigging is a curved piece of leather with a handle. Mahan powdered rosin on the rigging and on a goatskin glove that he cinched to his right wrist with a leather strap he pulled tight with his teeth. He tucked in his pants and tied a leather strap around his boots to keep them from flying off. He checked the rowels of his two-inch spurs. The rowels have to be dull, but they need to spin. He put on a pair of chaps that fit snug around the thighs, and

continued



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then he walked over to another rider, Rusty Riddle, to ask again about Blue Sky. Riders keep book on horses and bulls like pitchers do on hitters.

"He's bucked good before. I've seen people get upside down on him," Riddle said.

"My motor just started running," said Mahan.

Mahan did a few pull-ups and climbed onto Blue Sky for the catching, first touching the horse gently with his feet to let the horse know he was coming. He cleaved burrs out of Blue Sky's mane and unmatted it so the spurs wouldn't catch. The rigging was cinched with a hair pad underneath, the halter and flank strap were put on. The flank strap is leather lined with sheepskin. It is tied around the ticklish flank of an animal, and when the strap is pulled the animal should buck from irritation. A horse in real pain will usually stand still instead of bucking.

Now Mahan was on Blue Sky in the gate and nearly ready. He looked to be sure the previous horse was out of the arena and the catch-pen gate was closed. If you happen to ride a bucking horse into an open catch pen, you could be in for a terrible wreck. Mahan looked to see that the judges were watching. He looked to see that the flank man was behind the chute with a hand on the strap. A few days earlier, thanking somehow to promote Doug Hall's book, Mahan had yelled "Let'er huck!" as a signal to the gate man and had torn muscles in his ribs on the ride. This time Mahan just said, "Go!"

Blue Sky came out with a big jump. Mahan leaned back with his chin tucked in, his free arm bent at the elbow, his spurs well out over the animal's shoulders, his eyes on Blue Sky's head and neck. For two more jumps it looked like a good scoring ride. Then Blue Sky quit bucking and started running. Mahan walked disgustedly back to the alley. "A score of 55 on that ride," the announcer said. Get very many 55s and you'll have to start working for wages.

After that, it was still close to a month before the National Finals, plenty of time to rest and heal up. Mahan thought about it for a moment and grinned. "Well, this week I'm going to Dallas for two days, then to Portland for a banquet, then down to a rodeo in Brawley, California," he said. "Not much money down in Brawley, but we have some kind of a time."

END

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PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN G. DIMMICK

More than moonlight is bright on the banks of the Wabash these days: Indianapolis is pushing its way into the sporting big time **by BROCK YATES** ***A HOT TIME IN THE BOLD TOWN***



Here is a free tip for cocktail party commandos: realizing that one must maintain in his conversational arsenal a full bandolier of travel trivia and prejudices to be whipped out with the deftness of a swipe through the shrimp dip, *i.e.*, "love San Francisco, love Los Angeles; you've got to be crazy to live in New York. Atlanta *visings*: London is a *delight* in the winter; *beurish* Parisians;

that *merciful* Amsterdam airport, they're *raising* Samson," here is a line for your next encounter session that is guaranteed to amaze friends and confound enemies. When the chatter inevitably turns to travel and the clichés begin spinning, lean back, take a long sip of the Redi-mex dry Manhattan, and say—firmly—"Indianapolis is major league."

Indianapolis? Indianapolis, *Indiana*?

You mean that lighted cornfield rising out of the prairie like a collection of grain elevators with windows? The screwball Indy 500? The Indianapolis of the Hoosier Horseshots and Herb Shinner? Not justy old Indian-No-Place, where they still read James Whitcomb Riley and wish that old hometown boy Benjamin Harrison had never left the White House. Outrageous. Mega-Square. Un-chic!

continued

Having dropped this verbal grenade one must be prepared to defend the inference that Indianapolis, Ind. is in fact shedding its oldtime image as a plover-jockey's Saturday night paradise. At first you will be pummeled with challenges, vilified and scorned. Your drinks may be watered. The cashew dish may be moved to the other side of the room, but you must persevere. If you can somehow win the case that Indianapolis is heading toward the same renaissance that blossomed in places like Houston and Atlanta, your position in the social vanguard will be secure for years to come. Failure to defend something so unforgettably gauche in Indianapolis can toss one back into the draft-beer and shuffleboard circuit faster than you can say, "Have Paris in the springtime."

Let us start with simple facts. Indianapolis is the 11th largest city in the United States, encompassing a metropolitan area of about 1.1 million people. It zoomed ahead in the 1970 national census primarily because of *Luten*, an as-

similation of most of the city's suburban and satellite communities that was brought to life by Richard Lugar, the bright young man serving as mayor. Indianapolis is the 17th strongest television market in the nation, ahead of such "major league" towns as Miami, Baltimore, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Kansas City, Denver, New Orleans, Milwaukee and San Diego, which, despite the lavish attention it has received from the baseball, football and basketball magnates, ranks a feeble 34th as a TV center.

The Indianapolis 500-mile automobile race is the nation's largest single-day sporting event, and the town's beloved Pacers are the champions of the American Basketball Association, a prize they also seized in 1970 and 1972.

Indy is growing by 28.3% per year as compared with a national average of 13.3%. The city core is humming with activity, much of it centered on an 18,000-seat sports arena that will house the Pacers and now the World Hockey Association franchise just awarded for next

season. The sports-hungry citizens, who swell high school basketball gymnasiums to bursting each winter, have appeared in batches of over 9,000 for every Pacer home game, played in a drafty livestock exhibition hall, and have provided heavy support for the Big Ten efforts of nearby Indiana U. and Purdue (as well as strong backing for the Cincinnati Bengals and Reds, 108 miles to the south-east). Indianapolis fans are numerous enough and affluent enough to pay the freight for big league baseball and NFL football — yet they have been spurred.

Given all this, how can the presumably profit-oriented tycoons of major league baseball and football ignore the realities of Indianapolis? The answer is quite simple. To them, as to most other Americans who are supposed to know about such things, Indianapolis is a mopey hush. Creaky vaudeville jokes about Altoona notwithstanding, the capital of Indiana holds an iron grip on the title of America's quintessential back town. For much of its history Indianapolis has been per-

continued



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fectly content to lumber along in a kind of Ozze and Harriet trance, practically reveling in its reputation as America's biggest small town.

But this is changing. Progressive men are on the move and are trying to haul Indianapolis into the mainstream.

"Our image no doubt is a problem," says Mayor Lugar. He is an upright man of steady gaze and a wide mouth that curls easily into a grin. He is sitting high above the city in the corner of a massive steel and glass municipal skyscraper. His desk is laden with papers, manila folders and reports. At 41 he is a working mayor, a man whose gutsy assault on problems has been a major factor in the city's revival.

Lugar also is a sports nut. On a low table behind him a basketball and a football lie among the heaps of documents. As he speaks, the dull thump of a pile driver vibrates through the room from the street below. It is a part of the construction going on in the so-called Market Square project, a joint private-public venture that will see the new sports arena, plus a major hotel and office building, rise around the picturesque old city market, which is being restored by the Eli Lilly Foundation. "There is no question that Indianapolis is still perceived by many as a slow-moving country town," he says. "In fact, the Fantus study made that abundantly clear and we realize that it is a handicap [Lugar is referring to a 1972 investor's profile of the city by The Fantus Co., a subsidiary of Dun & Bradstreet, which described the city's "straightlaced, unglamorous working town" image as a major liability.] However, that is changing rapidly and will soon not be a factor. Surely the arena will be highly instrumental in this change. It will offer new hope for the heart of the city. Sports, along with the theater and the arts, must be a focal point for the renewal of a city. I can think of no other regional entity that is capable of drawing so many people together, and this is what we seek. A skeleton force in our downtown area after five o'clock simply will not do—and sports can be a significant aid in this behalf.

"As far as the sports arena was concerned, I could think of no better way to inject wealth back into the area. Revenues from leasing the arena and property taxes will yield half-a-million dollars per year, one-half of which will go to inner city schools. The total cost of the



TODAY THE PACERS. TOMORROW IT'S HOCKEY FOR CHUCK DAVDE AND JOHN WEISSERT

project will be about \$50 million, which includes \$20 million for the arena itself; the other \$30 million goes into the surrounding urban development project. Of the total, the city is providing about \$16 million and the remaining \$34 million will come from private investors.

"This city has been described as being similar to Atlanta five years ago, and we have done our homework on the experiences of similar cities. First came our new convention center, one of the largest and most elaborate facilities of its kind, and it has already turned around downtown retail sales, which had experienced a 10-year decline. Now comes the sports arena and its complex of hotels and offices. Much of this growth focuses on the Pacers, which have been a quantum leap for the city. They are a focal point for bringing people together. It is imperative that the Pacers—as heroic figures—participate with the community. Men like George McGinnis and Billy

Keller, both of whom grew up in Indianapolis and were high school basketball players, are folk heroes, and their role in creating a sense of unity is invaluable."

Lugar, who is a jogger, backyard basketball player, enthusiastic golfer and tennis buff, is an unabashed Pacer fan. But like many other leaders of the city, he wants more. For a number of years the prime target was the National Hockey League, which responded with consistent lack of interest. The NHL spurned Indianapolis during the last expansion cycle when Washington and Kansas City were admitted in the summer of 1972, then turned down a more recent effort by Charles Finley, owner of the California Golden Seals, to relocate in Indy with his Oakland-based franchise. Finley, who lives in nearby La Porte, Ind., had found the way greased for his arrival with such incentives as a long-term lease on the new arena, but the league flatly refused to countenance the plan. While

continued

Can Allstate and State Farm beat this offer?

When you buy car insurance, you should never buy on the basis of any one thing alone.
Not even price.

Buying car insurance is like buying a new car. It pays to shop around and see who gives you the most for your money.

If you do, you'll find that Allstate and State Farm (in fact, any insurance company you choose) will have some of the things you see here.

But only Continental Insurance has them all.

Continental's Money-saving Discounts. Once everyone thought Allstate and State Farm "had to have the lowest prices." Because they "discounted." But so does Continental.

Description	Discount (From base premium)
Multi-car Ownership	15%
Driver Education	15%
Good Student	25%
Bumper (Meets Federal Safety Standards)	10%**

Of course, it's also important to consider the basic rate or premium upon which the discount is being given. Today insurance companies don't all charge the same rates. In fact, no one company can say it has the lowest rates overall. Because each bases its rates on its actual experience with specific classes of drivers and specific geographical areas. The result: You may find that in your area Continental's price for you is lower than either Allstate's or State Farm's. Or both.



The Independent Agent. He doesn't work for an insurance company. He works for you. And his success is based on placing your insurance with whatever company will keep you the happiest. If we don't do the job, he's free to switch your insurance to a company that will.



Choice of Plans. Continental gives you a choice: A policy that covers your car alone. Or a unique new policy that covers both your car and home. It's called Personal Comprehensive Protection: PCP*. By combining both your



automobile and homeowners policies into one, it can actually give you more insurance coverage for your insurance dollar.



24-hour Toll-free Dial-a-Claim. Any time, any day, you can report an accident from anywhere in the United States or Canada. And whenever you call, the call is on us.



Fast Fair Claim Payments. We pay the full amount due on every legitimate claim we get. Without haggling. Your good

will be more profitable to us in the long run than any pennies we might shave off in the short run.



1600 Claims Adjusters. We have more than 1600 trained claims men located throughout the United States and Canada. If you need help, there's always one nearby. Even on a holiday—if you have an emergency.



Free Waiver of Collision Deductible*.

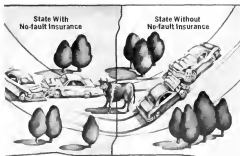
If you have an accident, we'll waive your collision deductible under three conditions: The other driver is identified and at fault; he has auto property damage coverage; and the damage to your car exceeds your deductible. That means if you have a \$200 accident and a \$100 deductible, Continental pays you the full \$200.

**Discount from developed premium, collision coverage only
*Not available in all states



Automatic Increase of Liability Coverage to Meet Each State's Minimum Requirements.

By law, you have to carry enough insurance to meet your state's minimum financial responsibility requirements for bodily injury and property damage. But let's say you have an accident while driving a private passenger car in a state or a Canadian province that has higher requirements (such as those above). If you're insured with Continental, we'll automatically provide increased coverage to meet the higher requirements. At no additional charge.



Automatic No-fault Coverage When Driving in a No-fault State. Let's say you live in a state that doesn't have no-fault insurance. But you have an accident in one that does. And that state has enacted legislation requiring non-residents to carry no-fault insurance when driving through. (So far, two states with no-fault insurance have done this. And more may follow.) Wherever you go, Continental will meet the letter of the law. And automatically provide you with the required no-fault protection. At no additional charge.

For complete details on everything you see here and more, call your Continental Insurance Agent.

You'll find him in the Yellow Pages.



The Continental Insurance Companies

General Offices: 100 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017

nobody in Indianapolis is certain why the Finley move was so firmly opposed (save for speculation that the NHL did not want to tarnish its record for never having transferred a franchise), the action did convince backers to look elsewhere for a hockey team. The eager operators of the World Hockey Association responded instantly. This summer a franchise was awarded, and the Indianapolis team—presently coachless and nameless—will begin play in 1974.

"We paid \$2 million for the franchise," says one of the owners (the same group that operates the Pacers), "which is \$4 million less than the going NHL price. That leaves more in the kitty to acquire players. What's more, we think our natural rivalry with the WHA Cleveland, Chicago and Cincinnati teams will stimulate interest in the new club."

Within a year after a pioneer family settled at the junction of Fall Creek and the White River in 1820, a raw town named Indianapolis (Indiana—a place of Indians—plus polis, the Greek word for city) was declared the capital of the new free state of Indiana. It is said that the towering 285-foot *art nouveau* Soldiers and Sailors Monument in the middle of town is at the exact geographical center of the state.

The city is a cartographer's dream. Laid out by Alexander Ralston, a protégé of Major L'Enfant, the designer of Washington, D.C., Indianapolis is a

combination of the spoked wheel or "Versailles spider web" concept, coupled with Thomas Jefferson's scheme of a federal city of regular squares. All roads lead from the great monument, one going directly east and west, the old transcontinental Route 40, others heading toward Chicago, Detroit, Cincinnati and St. Louis, which surround Indianapolis on the corners of a ragged 150-250-mile square.

As the center of an agricultural state, the city thrived as a railhead for grain and livestock and briefly contested with Detroit as the car manufacturing capital of the nation. Such automotive names as Mercer, Stutz, Marmon and Duesenberg were born in Indianapolis and in fact, the Speedway was originally conceived as a test and competition center to complement the budding new car business. But after 1920 Detroit's more favorable links with Mesabi Range iron ore and cheap rail and water transportation beat back the Indianapolis challenge, and the city lapsed into nearly half a century of slumber. Then came the sixties and men like Richard Lugar.

Through it all, the city has earned on its love affair with basketball. It appears to have been *the game* throughout the entire state practically since Dr. Naismith nailed up his first peach basket. "They talk about the Pacers," says Tom Keating, a columnist for the daily *Star*, "but the heart and soul of the game is at the high school level. On a winter week-

end there are hundreds of games going on where you couldn't wedge your way into the gym with a chisel." The state has 28 high school gymnasiums with over 5,000 seating capacity; 14 that hold over 6,000, including New Castle, with a field house containing 9,325 seats plus an adjacent building where closed-circuit coverage is piped to the overflow.

Oscar Robertson, perhaps the city's finest athlete, came from this furiously competitive world. He led his Crispus Attucks High School team to consecutive state championships in 1955 and 1956, going undefeated for 31 games during the second season—the first such accomplishment since the inception of the statewide tournament in 1911. It also marked the first such triumph for a predominantly black high school, and many feel that Robertson and the sensational play of his Crispus Attucks team helped provide a major bridge of understanding between the black and white communities in Indianapolis. Ray Crowe, the coach of the team, was later elected to the Indiana State Legislature.

The VanArsdale twins, Dick and Tom, are products of Manual H S. and starred for their team in the 1961 state finals before losing to Kokomo in overtime, while brothers Mike and Jim Price graduated from Indianapolis Tech. Mike going on to play with the New York Knicks and Philadelphia 76ers, Jim to the Los Angeles Lakers. The most recent pro stars to come from Indianapolis are Keller and McGinnis. Keller, a feisty guard ignored in the professional draft because of his 5'10" size, dribbled and shot his Washington High School team to the state championship in 1965. McGinnis, a 6'8", 235-pound forward whose skills rival anybody's in the game, took Keller's alma mater to the same title four seasons later. The Pacers' No. 1 draft choice this year was Steve Downing of Indiana University, who was a teammate of McGinnis on the 1969 state championship team. Over the summer, however, he ignored hometown fame for money and signed with the NBA Boston Celtics, who had also made him No. 1.

But possibly Indiana's most celebrated basketball folk hero is a stubby, easy-going man named Bobby Plump. Yes, Bobby Plump. It was Plump who was the star of the 1954 Milan High School team—a pee-wee-size school in southeastern Indiana—and his exploits in the championship earned him Hoosier



OVERLOOKING INDY'S NEW ARENA, MAYOR RICHARD LUGAR SEES A BRIGHT FUTURE

continued



**There's always been a bow tie for your grandfather.
Now there's one for you.**

It's true the bow tie is back in style. But it's not exactly the same bow tie your grandfather favors. In fact it's not anything like it at all.

First of all, this bow tie comes with a lively, muskcloth shirt. A shirt that matches your bow tie exactly, giving you a great contemporary look. A shirt that is sleek and different, with a collar just made for wearing with a bow tie.

Secondly, while your grandfather's bow tie is dark and dignified, this bow tie is bright and colorful.

Finally, while your grandfather's bow tie is narrow, this one is wide and luxurious.

Arrow's new bow tie and shirt combination. It'll keep you from looking like your own grandpa.

→Arrow→
A division of Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

Colorful combinations from the colorful shirt company.

A photograph of three 1974 Dodge Chargers parked in a row against a dark background. The top car is a silver Charger Coupe. The middle car is a gold Charger Hardtop. The bottom car is a teal Charger SE with a white stripe along the side and distinctive multi-spoke wheels. The cars are shown from a rear three-quarter view.

CHARGER COUPE

CHARGER HARDTOP

CHARGER SE

Charger

For 1974, go Charger style with a choice of three great cars in one great shape. A tempting trio of Chargers, and one of them is probably priced just the way you want it. Pick any of the Chargers Three, and you get a lot for the price. Interior room and comfort you'll feel at home with whether you're all alone or with a group.

And an array of standard engineering features such as the virtually maintenance-free Electronic Ignition System that cuts the frequency and cost of ignition tune-ups, eliminates the points and condenser, and sends up to 35 percent more starting voltage to the spark plugs. Other '74 Charger engineering features include the solid-



EXTRA CARE IN
ENGINEERING MAKES A
DIFFERENCE IN DODGE
...DEPEND ON IT.

s Three.

state electronic voltage regulator, adjustable torsion-bar suspension, and sturdy Unibody construction.

This year, when it comes to Charger... the choice is yours.

• Charger coupe... a roomy, solid budget-minded

way to get Charger on your team.

- Charger hardtop... it offers more standard features plus distinctive hardtop styling.
- Charger SE... more luxurious, with special attention paid to making this car, in our opinion, one of the quietest Chargers ever built.

This year, go Charger style. **Dodge '74.**

"I tried it and it's true."

Barry Ryan
Miami, Florida



Long lazy years of aging . . . the finest grains . . . and no cut corners make Ten High a bourbon straight and true. Its rich aroma and smooth light taste make it a real value. That's why it sips easy. And that's why people say: "I'm glad I tried Ten High. And that's the truth."

TEN HIGH

Bourbon Straight and True

immortality. The Indiana State High School Tournament is a classless, divisionless, winter-take-all affair that pits every school, large or small, in the eliminations. Traditionally, the large city schools from Indianapolis, Muncie and Fort Wayne, etc., have dominated the proceedings, but it is Bobby Plump and Milan the fans remember. Amazingly, this school with 73 boy students forged through the preliminary rounds until it found itself in the championship game against giant, talent-laden Muncie Central, a traditional basketball power. The game was played in the Butler University field house, where the 15,000 SRO crowd was more than 10 times as large as the entire population of Milan. Undermanned, Plump and his team stalled the ball. After holding a small lead, Milan's Indians fell behind 28-26 in the fourth quarter. Then Plump brought the ball over the line and, unbelievably, cradled it under his arm for four minutes and 15 seconds, calmly standing there amidst the jeering of the Muncie rooters and the fevered urging of the Milan backers. With three and a half minutes left, Plump finally passed the ball and the Indians scored to tie the game.

The teams traded baskets again and the clock ticked away with the score frozen at 30-30. With eight seconds left, Bobby Plump had the ball at the key-hole, his skinny 5'10" body flitting among the wagging arms of the Muncie guards. He dribbled quickly to his right, stopped and reared up to arch a shot cleanly through the net. Milan won the state championship 32-30, the biggest upset in Indiana basketball history. Nearly 20 years later Bobby Plump is a prosperous Indianapolis insurance man, and he gives shameless credit for his success to that single shot. In any barroom, gym or club where basketball is taken seriously, the exploits of Bobby Plump and his fabled "shot heard 'round the state" are recounted with an urgency worthy of yesterday.

While high school basketball is at the core of sport in Indianapolis, the city has long supported the college teams produced by Butler University (where Plump went on to set scoring records) and at nearby Indiana U. and Purdue. Moreover, its association with the professional game is much longer than the seven year history of the Pacers. It can be traced back to the 1930s and the patronage of a south-side grocer named

Frank Kautsky. After playing in AAU competition for several seasons, "Kautsky's A.C." then turned professional and engaged in competition against midwestern pro and semipro teams. The Kautsky's played a fine brand of basketball and counted on their rosters such men as Arnie Risen, later to star in the NBA, and John Wooden, whose coaching exploits at UCLA require no repetition.

After winning the 1947 World Professional Tournament, the team was sold, and for one season became the Indianapolis Jets in the NBA. Then came the ill-fated Olympians. The basketball team that represented the United States in the 1948 Olympics was composed of Adolph Rupp's collegiate champions from the University of Kentucky, including such notables as Ralph Beard, Alex Groza and "Wa-Wa" Jones. After graduation, this trio and other members of the Kentucky team came to Indianapolis to form the Olympians. Playing from 1950 to 1953 in the Butler field house, the pro team was a success and appeared headed for permanent membership in the NBA until 1952, when Beard and Groza were among those implicated for shaving points during their collegiate careers. These men were banned from all forms of major basketball competition, and without their All-Pro talents the Olympians staggered through one more season before collapsing.

Professional basketball returned when the American Basketball Association was formed in 1967. Much of the incentive for the new league was supplied by an Indianapolis attorney named Dick Tinkham, who also was involved in the formation of the hometown entry, the Indiana Pacers. The fledgling pros drew a turnaway crowd of 11,000 for their 1967 opening game against Kentucky and have been leading the league in attendance ever since. This took place despite the fact that Butler University's unpleasant experience with the Olympians caused it to close its field house and forced the Pacers into the Indiana State Fairgrounds Coliseum, a cavernous building designed for horse shows, parades and cattle judging. Propelled by Center Mel Daniels; Roger Brown, an erratic but high-scoring forward who presently holds a seat on the Indianapolis city council; guards Freddie Lewis and Donnay Freeman; the aforementioned McGinnis and Keller; high-jumping Darnell Holman; and star rookie Kevin

Joyce, the Pacers have been the league's most successful franchise, both artistically and financially.

The group responsible for the prosperity of the Pacers—and now aiming at the hockey world—is known as Indiana Professional Sports, Inc. John Weissert, former bank executive and marketing expert, is the vice-president and general manager of the team. His close associate, the organization's president, is Chuck DeVoe, a wealthy local sportsman whose credentials include captaining the 1952 Princeton basketball team and maintaining his skills as a superior amateur tennis player. Weissert, an intense, wry-humored man who notes that his pinnacle of sports accomplishments is his ranking as the 93rd all-time scorer for South Bend's John Adams High School basketball team, is sure that the Pacers are on firm footing and now, like the rest of his group, is looking toward the new hockey team.

It was Weissert who absorbed the heaviest rebuff the city received from the National Hockey League. "In May 1972 we were one of 11 applicants for an NHL franchise," he recalls. "I carried into the meeting at the Waldorf—in a briefcase that about gave me a rupture—28,000 signatures from area people pledging to support the team. We seemed to have an airtight argument. Hell, they didn't even want to look at the signatures. Again, I think it was partly a case of our image. So many people think of this town as a racetrack in a cornfield."

DeVoe says, "We simply haven't had much national press to tell our story. People here are basically conservative and contented. They've been perfectly willing to let the world find out for themselves about the city's advantages. But we're about to change that."

Frank McKinney Jr., the young president of American Fletcher National Bank, has been doing his part to further the change. The son of the longtime owner of the Pittsburgh Pirates, Louisville Colonels and Indianapolis Indians (the city, whose American Association baseball team is now community owned, has been represented in minor league baseball for 87 consecutive years), McKinney is a powerful supporter of his city's major league aspirations. He waged a one-man campaign to move the Amateur Athletic Union headquarters from New York to Indianapolis in 1970, the better to give it a mid-America outlook. "We

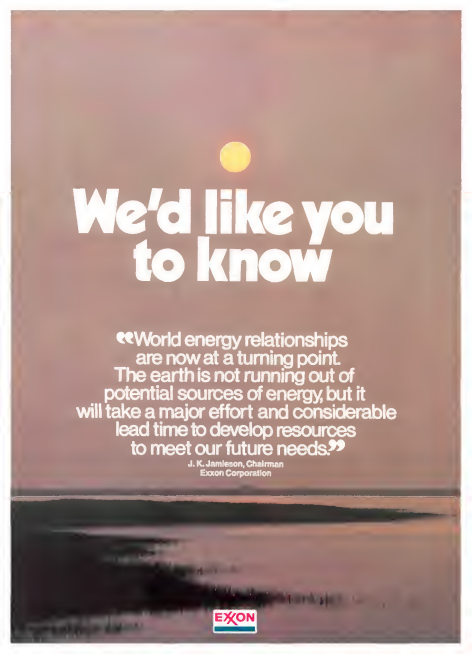
We'd like you to know

The following eight-page message is one in a series of reports from Exxon about the energy needed to keep America running and what Exxon is doing to meet those needs.

This is a time of rapid, almost daily, change in the world, as recent events in the Middle East have shown. Yet, an energy supply problem was developing well before the Middle East conflict began. This message discusses that underlying energy situation.

In coming months, we will be telling you more about particular aspects of the energy subject. We hope this report and those that follow will help you to assess the situation—both immediate and long-term—and to understand the significance of events as they occur.





We'd like you to know

“World energy relationships
are now at a turning point.
The earth is not running out of
potential sources of energy, but it
will take a major effort and considerable
lead time to develop resources
to meet our future needs.”

J. K. Jamieson, Chairman
Exxon Corporation





This small portion of the growth in capacity is being expanded to supplement use of gasoline and other products by 15 million gallons a day. Smaller expansion programs will take place at several of Exxon's refineries in the United States and abroad.

Almost every American is aware that our country is facing a serious energy problem. But the fact is, the problem is not ours alone—it involves the entire world.

It is not easy to explain in brief how the situation came about. Complex factors are involved—ranging from increasing consumption to disappointing discoveries to environmental considerations to world political relationships. And solutions are not around the corner.

One thing is sure. The earth is not running out of potential sources of energy. But it will take a major effort and considerable lead time to develop resources to meet future needs.

On the following pages we review the energy situation, and tell what Exxon is doing both short-term and long-term to meet the needs of its customers.

We need all the energy we can get.

Looking first at the current supply-demand situation in the United States, it is clear that this country needs all the energy it can get from

all available sources.

Exxon has responded to the immediate need by producing domestic crude oil at maximum efficient capacity. We have increased imports of crude oil and petroleum products, and have kept our refineries running at an all-out pace.

Exxon has a major refinery expansion program under way that will increase Exxon's U.S. capacity by almost 15 million gallons a day, or about 30 percent. A small part of the increase will be available soon, and the full amount by 1976.



Every day the average man, woman and child in the U.S. uses nearly four gallons of oil, 300 cubic feet of natural gas, 15 pounds of coal and smaller amounts of other energy. This is substantially more than the average of other industrial countries and eight times as much as the world average.

Until new domestic refining capacity is brought on stream, substantial volumes of imported petroleum products will be required to meet the needs of U.S. consumers. Even with the refinery expansions that Exxon and others have so far announced, it is not certain that the rapidly increasing demand anticipated for the next few years can be satisfied.

Raising U.S. refinery capacity to adequate levels on a basis that satisfies environmental requirements will not in itself end U.S. energy supply problems. Worldwide, crude oil supplies will be tight in relation to the high demand now forecast.

Demand rising 7% a year.

Oil and gas now account for about 65 percent of total world energy consumption, and their relative position is still increasing. Supplies of other fuels have not grown as fast as energy demand, and oil has been called upon to make up the difference. As a result, world petroleum demand, now rising at an annual rate of about 7 percent, could double by 1985.





Ekofisk is looking for oil on land in the North Sea. This platform is located in the North Sea where frequent storms bring 75-mile-an-hour winds and 65-foot waves.



On Ekofisk, a platform in the North Sea, production from the field is expected to reach 400,000 barrels a day (94 million gallons) of oil a day.

The United States will remain the largest oil-consuming country during this period, and will become increasingly dependent on imported oil. Discoveries in the U.S. have not kept up with consumption for some time, and production is now actually declining.

An enormous goal.

Present and future demand for oil is massive. To meet the expected growth, the industry would have to add about 4 million barrels a day of producing capacity each year. To produce this much oil, the industry would have to find about 20 billion barrels a year—the equivalent of two fields the size of Alaska's Prudhoe Bay. By 1980, the required amount could be 30 billion barrels a year.

The physical and financial challenge of finding and producing this much new oil each year is enormous.

At the present time, about two-thirds of the world's known oil reserves are in the Middle East and North Africa. About half of total reserves are in the countries border-

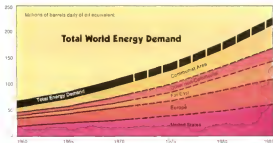
ing the Persian—or Arabian—Gulf.

Despite the fact that significant recent discoveries have been made in the North Sea and other areas, they are small in relation to demand. Therefore the world will necessarily be dependent on the Middle East for an increasing share of its oil supplies for some years to come. Raising Middle East production at an adequate rate will require an all-out effort.

Even Middle East supplies are

not limitless, and Middle East governments can be expected to watch closely the rate at which their resources are depleted. Furthermore, continued expansion in the Middle East could be affected by the concern of some Middle Eastern countries over their ability to invest additional income gained from increased oil production.

It is important then to continue our efforts to find oil in all parts of the world. Although the industry



Demand has been growing steadily. Assuming no significant limitations in available supply, the outlook is for sustained growth, almost doubling world consumption by 1985.



The world of known oil reserves.

Percentages are shares of the world's known, extractable oil reserves in each area.

SOURCE: *Oil & Gas Journal*—December 25, 1972



RUSSIA AND OTHER COMMUNIST COUNTRIES
15%

INDONESIA
2%

MIDDLE EAST
53%



Extending beyond U.S. shores is an enormous undersea ledge called the continental shelf. This land mass is rich in oil and natural gas deposits. Some geologists estimate there may be nearly as much oil under this shelf as has ever been found onshore in the history of the U.S. To date there has been active exploration and production only off the coasts of Louisiana, Texas and California.

may find itself with a modest surplus from time to time, consumers will probably have to live with the fact that surges in demand, delays in planned oil-producing capacity, unexpected restrictions by governments of producing countries, or any other major supply disruption could lead to shortages in the U.S. and other world markets.

Why it's harder to find oil.

The effort to find new oil has

been accelerating in recent years, but it's not as easy as it used to be. Our industry has to search in increasingly difficult environments such as the Arctic and North Sea.

Despite the industry's best efforts, oil findings (See chart below) have held at a fairly constant rate in recent years.

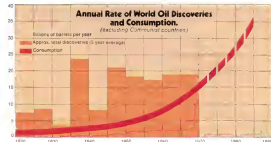
The very large fields of the Middle East represent discoveries whose size is unmatched in the history of oil. It is hard to foresee any

other prospective area that could make such a contribution in the future.

It would thus seem imprudent to plan the world's energy supplies on the assumption that it would be possible to accelerate discoveries of crude oil to parallel the rising consumption. Even if demand growth is moderated—as we believe it must be—we need to face the fact that the world's conventional oil resources will not indefinitely support increases in production.

Annual Rate of World Oil Discoveries and Consumption.

(Excluding Communist countries)



Oil discoveries until now have exceeded consumption. Most experts agree that future discoveries are unlikely to keep pace with consumption.

Two important things we must all do.

To prepare for such a situation, and for an orderly transition into a new energy era, every consuming nation must create a political and economic environment that will encourage energy conservation and speed the development of other conventional and nonconventional energy sources.

The U.S. has wider choices than many other nations because of the scale of our basic energy resources. We have such options as these:

1. A supertanker ties up to the buoy anchored to the sea floor. The design of the buoy allows the tanker to weathervane freely as wind, waves and current change.

2. The floating hose is attached to the ship's manifold and the oil is pumped to a manifold at the base of the buoy.

3. An umbilical or underground pipeline takes the oil to storage tanks either on the shore or miles inland.

A deepwater terminal allows supertankers to load or unload miles from shore. There are over 100 deepwater terminals around the world. They permit countries that have no deepwater ports to take advantage of the economies of supertankers. Because the U.S. has no deepwater ports, this system is being proposed for sections of the East and Gulf Coasts.

■ Use more coal, both directly and as a source of synthetic oil and gas. America has perhaps a third of the world's coal supply.

■ Speed the pace of nuclear power plant construction. Increase research on more advanced nuclear technology and the direct recovery of solar energy.

■ Implement government programs to advance the commercial development of shale oil. Large deposits exist, but there are long-term technological and environmental problems to be solved.

■ Reduce gasoline consumption through the use of lighter, more efficient automobiles; car pools, better vehicle operation and maintenance; and auto emission controls and other devices designed with fuel economy in mind.

■ Improve rail and bus systems for short to moderate length interurban transportation, to provide a better balance with auto and air travel.

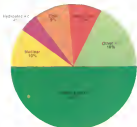
■ Rewrite residential and commercial building standards to save energy used for heating, air conditioning and lighting.

■ Develop new ways to generate

power more efficiently, controlling air pollution and energy consumption at the same time.

■ Resolve conflicts between environmental goals and energy resource development through appropriate government processes.

There is no time to waste if the United States and other major energy-consuming countries are to



Where the increase in the non-Communist world's energy supply might come from between now and 1976.

These figures reflect economic, safety and environmental restrictions on the production and use of coal, reserve and transportation limitations on natural gas, and continued delays in nuclear power development.

adjust to the changed situation that lies ahead. Government leadership will be essential in setting goals and policies. In the United States a start on an energy program has been made.

In this context, the President has directed the council on Environmental Quality to prepare within one year environmental impact statements for exploration and development in the Atlantic and Gulf of Alaska outer continental shelf areas. This is a useful step even though significant production cannot be obtained from these areas in this decade.

This country also needs deepwater terminals to handle—with greater safety and efficiency than existing facilities—increasing amounts of imported crude and heavy fuel oil.

It may be necessary for both American industry and citizens to alter some of the ways they work and live.

In our desire to achieve rapid economic growth and higher standards of living, we Americans have been prodigal with resources that



Pellets of enriched uranium (left) and fuel assemblies (right) are made by Exxon Nuclear Company. The pellets are inserted into rods, and the rods are grouped to form assemblies, which make up the core or "heart" of a nuclear reactor. An assembly like the one shown can generate enough electricity to run 16,000 average homes a year.

once seemed limitless. Recent developments have made us all more conscious that energy resources, as well as air, water and usable space, are finite.

With new attitudes on these matters, it should be possible to achieve coordinated goals and a balanced, more satisfying way of life—without having to choose between running out of fuel or running out of clean air and water.

What Exxon is doing today for tomorrow.

We have already pointed out what Exxon is doing to increase its output of gasoline and other products for the next several years. Our efforts are also directed at developing alternate forms of energy and synthetic energy sources for the future. To highlight a few of those efforts:

- Exxon is exploring for uranium in the U.S. and abroad. From our mine in Wyoming, we are extracting 2800 tons of uranium ore a day.

Exxon Nuclear Company is a major supplier of uranium and plutonium fission reactor fuels. We

are providing finished fuel and services to ten nuclear plants in the U.S. and to three in Europe.

- To date we have invested over \$20 million in research aimed at converting coal into synthetic fuels. One process turns coal into a gas which can be upgraded to a fuel comparable to natural gas. Work at our pilot plant indicates that this process may be less complex and less expensive than other gasification processes being developed.

Another Exxon process turns coal into low-sulfur fuel oil or synthetic crude oil. This may be applicable to low- and high-sulfur coal.

It will take several years and over \$150 million in development costs before either Exxon process is available for commercial use.

- Exxon is also developing processes that would allow utility companies to use the high-sulfur coal that our country has in abundance. When high-sulfur coal is burned today, it produces sulfur oxides which can pollute our air.

One process, being developed for the U.S. Government, would reduce the formation of sulfur oxides

as the coal is burned. The other process, being developed with a major power plant builder and several electric utilities, would remove most sulfur oxides from the flue gas—after combustion but before the gas escapes from the stack.

Again, both processes look promising, and one of them—flue gas desulfurization—is ready to be demonstrated commercially.

These are some of the things Exxon is doing to help expand our nation's energy supplies. We will continue to work on new energy technology and look for more efficient systems for the use of energy.

And we will be cooperating fully with the government and the public in this country, and in all the countries in which we do business, to help build a better economic and human environment.



We'd like you to know.

know the city has the economic base and the enthusiasm to back major league sport," he says flatly.

Regardless of its passions for basketball or its aspirations regarding football and baseball, Indianapolis is known first as a motor-racing town. People who can't tell a Buick from a Bugatti know that Indianapolis means automobile racing. In fact, the race has bled so deeply into the American consciousness that any gadget, from a lawn mower to a light bulb, gains a mysterious, idiosyncratic aura of speed and glamour by labeling it with the numerals "500."

All of this traces to the Indianapolis Motor Speedway, the aged, traditionally dangerous and controversial 2.5-mile track in the northwestern suburb named, naturally, Speedway. While the so-called Brickyard (it was originally surfaced with bricks) gained almost instant fame when it opened in 1909 and began running its annual 500 two years later, it has reached its zenith of notoriety and prosperity under the ownership of a hapful Brahmin, 72-year-old millionaire Anton J. (Tony) Hulman. While he is strongly identified with Indianapolis, Hulman actually is a resident of nearby Terre Haute, where he grew up as the heir to vast family holdings in industry and real estate.

Hulman bought the track at the end of World War II from that old warrior and ex-racer, Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, and turned it into one of the most opulent sporting facilities in the world. Everything about the track is hyperbolic, including the speeds, the danger and the crowds. It is estimated—only the management and the Internal Revenue Service know the actual turnstile count—that nearly a million people enter the Speedway for practice, qualifying and the race during the month of May. Hulman, a gracious man who was a track star at Yale, has plowed most of his profits back into the Speedway, which now has permanent reserved seats for 240,000.

"We have tried very hard to do the best with what we have, so that this track is a source of pride to Indianapolis and a pleasure to attend for all the people who come to the race," Hulman says.

Hulman's distraction with pride and pleasure has undergone some serious alterations. The 1973 event was a Wagnerian *Storm and Drang* of historic proportions, and at last he is modifying the track for improved driver and spectator safety.



CAUGHT UP IN THE AREA GROWTH, TONY HULMAN IS IMPROVING THE OLD SPEEDWAY

Until 1973 Hulman's stewardship of the Speedway made him a beloved patron of Indiana life—a celebrity with no enemies—but now the track has come under severe criticism. Hulman spent \$1.6 million in 1972 on such frivolities as a sumptuous VIP suite at the second turn and a multilane entrance tunnel under the track, but public outcry following the deaths of two drivers and a mechanic, and serious injuries to a number of spectators this year forced major expenditures for track safety, measures the critics have been requesting for years. So far, \$300,000 has been allotted to widen the pit lane and its approaches, to raise the track's crash wall and to better shield the crowd from the 200-mph racing cars.

Tony Hulman has more than any other individual fostered the city's identity with motor sport. For better or worse, Indianapolis is the capital of auto racing, be it the 500 or the zany tire-flying ritual of the National Hot Rod Association drag racing "Nationals" at Indianapolis Raceway Park every Labor Day

or the endless local stock car, midget and sprint races that unwind at a multitude of short tracks in the area. What's more, many of the major racing teams that compete in the United States Auto Club National Championship use Indianapolis as home base during the season.

Gasoline Alley, the rows of garages behind the pits at the Speedway, is occupied by professional race teams for most of the summer. These men, a talented and raucous gang of vagabonds, add new life to the quiet suburbs when they are in town. Two saloons, The Cove, which is located in a shopping plaza across from the track, and The White Room on 16th Street have long been famous as hangouts for the hard-drinking race crowd.

The Speedway's economic impact on the area is inestimable. Millions of dollars pour into the local economy during May, causing surges in sales for everything from beer and potato chips to clothing, gasoline and advertising linage. A spin-off of the race is the 500 Festival, a month-long blowout of parades,

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BOLD TOWN

heavy contests, celebrity appearances, grand bulls and gun rummy tournaments that is considered by many to be surpassed in scope only by the Tournament of Roses in Pasadena. Mrs. Jo Hauck, the festival's director, estimates that her event brings 12 million new dollars into the city, in addition to the whopping quantities of cash collected by the track itself.

Yet there is a certain unspoken reservation about the Speedway that is apparent among the men who are seeking major league sport for Indianapolis. While they expend lavish praise on behalf of Tony Hulman and his track and acknowledge that the "500" makes the city a one-day worldwide focal point of sport, some feel that it has distorted the town's image. The "racetrack in a cornfield" is a serious concern to others. "The 500 gives the impression that the city is crazy about auto racing and very little else," says one civic leader. "Couple this with the Labor Day drag races held here, plus a number of events held at the state fairgrounds and Indianapolis Raceway Park, and an outsider is inclined to think that all we ever do is watch cars rip around a track. That might have negative effects." The *Fantus* Report noted: "Aside from the publicity generated by the 500, it is doubtful that this event contributes greatly to the image of Indianapolis as a community. The Speedway is the focus of national attention for only once per year and for a very short period of time. Unlike a major cultural or educational institution, an automobile race does not strongly convey a positive impression of the quality of life of a community."

"We all love the race and we all go, and the drivers are heroes to our kids," says John Wessert (although the last Indianapolis native to win a 500 was Joe Dawson in 1912, and with the exception of Wilbur Shaw and Rodger Ward, few big names in the sport have claimed the city as a residence). "There is no doubt that it is unique, specialized and self-contained. Yet without in any way diminishing the importance of the race, there is simply more to the city than the Indy 500."

He is right. There is much more to Indianapolis than roaring engines and smoking tires. Indy is on the rise, on the verge of a great leap forward into the realms of the "major leagues." It will surely happen.

END



The Adam's Apple

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A while back we introduced a nice, simple drink called the Adam's Apple.

Apparently our Adam's Apple was too simple. People couldn't resist the temptation to complicate it. That's O.K. with us. One guy we know made it a short drink so there'd be room in his tall glass for apple slices and cinnamon sticks.

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GUIDING LIGHT IN THE KEYS

Caustic or kind, Florida's famed light tackle guides are obsessed with leading you to the fish—and you sure better catch them

by JIM HARRISON



Say that you have been driving south for two days and despite road exhaustion you are delighted to escape the flinty April cold of Michigan. Just outside of Miami you make a jog on the Palmetto Expressway, then another jog through the truck farms and you are past Homestead. Closer. In the immensity of its greenery the flat swampy terrain resembles nothing so much as a giant snake farm, but you know that not far on the left is the Atlantic and on the right, out beyond the miles of mangrove and saw grass, is the Gulf of Mexico.

Route 1 is stacked with trailers; from the air it would appear that you are trapped in a slow crawling trailer caravan, an imitation freight train hauling the weary to the sun for an Easter weekend rest. But you don't want to rest. You want to fish for a month, every day all day, way past the point of boredom or exhaustion or possible sunstroke or druggist. At Key Largo and on down to Big Pine you keep noticing there's a steady breeze out of the southeast, maybe 20 knots, and it has roiled the water and you hate it, but even this doesn't matter. You itch to be out there, to be staked on the edge of a flat in a skiff looking for tarpon or permit or bonefish or perhaps the waving-flag tail of a mutton snapper.

A flight down from Miami is even more dramatic. Following the Keys south, then west, at 5,000 feet you imagine that you can see the great sweep of the tide shifting from the Atlantic to the Gulf and back again. And the passing of the tidal thrust through so many configurations of land masses and small mangrove keys creates rivers. It occurs to you that you are not fishing a series of mangrove islands and their adjoining flats at all but 20 or so rivers whose courses may be seen only from the air.

Rivers or flats, the Keys are a wilderness of water, and a stranger could fish for a long time without even seeing any of the vaunted species that make angling here such a quantum experience. There is simply too much water: close to 750 square miles between Bahia Honda down through Key West with a slight crook southwesterly out to Boca Grande and the Marquesas beyond.

The stranger will waste his time blundering around from flat to channel with his nose in a series of imprecise charts

THE BIG MAN at Big Pine, Harry Snow Jr. wields the fastest spinning rod in the Keys.

and an inscrutable tide book. He will get lost, or at least run his boat aground. So the only sensible thing to do in order to save time and grief and raw nerves, stove-in hulls and gouged bottoms—and ultimately to catch fish—is to book a guide. In this vast stretch of country there are perhaps a dozen good ones, not to be confused with the backwoods handyman retards you might have encountered on other sporting ventures.

We are far out on the Gulf side of Jack Bank; it is still very early but we have a good tide. The light is bad, however, with thunderheads piling up, pushed by a 15-knot wind out of the south. The thunderheads reflect the sun and form a sheen on the water that is almost impossible to penetrate; while the water is only three feet deep a 100-pound tarpon can pass by unnoticed. These are scarcely good conditions for the neophyte but he realizes he needs them to excuse his ineptitudes.

The guide, Woody Sexton, stands on the deck of the skiff holding a long push pole at midpoint so that it is balanced in his hand. He is breathing hard because he has just finished chasing a pod of tarpon upwind and up tide but they stayed out of range.

"I see more fish," he says.

"Where?" The customer's voice quavers.

"About 12 o'clock straight off the transom, about a hundred yards moving from left to right."

"I don't see anything." The customer is staring rather than scanning the water as he should. He checks his fly line to make sure that the wind hasn't whipped it around the motor or the console.

"They're turning toward us." The guide gives several hard pushes on the pole. "Get ready."

The customer begins to fish-cast, ready to throw to the fish. He sees only waves and their small darkened troughs. "I don't see anything."

"You're not looking. Coming at us a hundred feet. Ten tarpon. Shoot off the lead fish."

"I still don't see them."

"Cast!"

The customer casts and begins stripping his line. He thinks he has seen a shadow or at least a movement.

"You spooked them," Sexton says. "You dropped your line on the lead fish and they spooked."

The customer slumps in his seat. First day blues. A few hundred yards away Cal Cochran, another guide, is pointing out something to his customer, Mead Johnson. Johnson casts and is on to a 50-pounder. The first day blues deepen.

Sexton decides to make the four-mile run over to Big Spanish Key, where we will have a slight lee from the wind. He is being sweet and generous, assuring that though the cast was good it was in the wrong direction. But Big Spanish only extends the comic possibilities of the day. The customer strikes a fish so hard with his brand-new Great Equalizer, the largest tarpon fly rod available, that the tip touches the reel seat. The leader snaps. "You really crowded his eyes," Sexton says, starting the motor.

That night the customer sees the fish over and over again as he tries to sleep; he is like a bridge player reliving almost grand slams in his dreams. His gaudy, like a badminton bird, moves between the desire to punch his guide, to catch a record

TARPON RESCUE George Horrell is temporarily retired as a guide, now runs travel service.

fish, to be back home playing in the snow, to know enough about Keys fishing to do it by himself. Where no one could watch.

Sexton is to saltwater fly-fishing what an astronaut is to the space program—a superb technocrat. With his short gray hair and mesomorphic physique, he reminds one of a retired NCO who has refused to go soft. He can be irritatingly humorless. Guides can kill the charm of a day's fishing by becoming screaming drill sergeants. It is, after all, a sport, and most notions of sport include the idea of entertainment. No customer likes to sit in the gun seat all day with the general feeling that he is a hopeless incompetent.

Though he has a certain honest charm, Sexton watches with absolute disgust when, after a day's fishing, the customer goes to an oyster house and loads up on quantities of shellfish and beer. Sexton

continued





worries aloud like an old lady about the dangers of alcohol and hepatitis. A disease lurks in every cherrystone. He does not like fish. He tells how, when he trained with weights, he would break a dozen eggs every day into a malted milk. And the customer knows that these finicky attributes are earned to great ends. An errant cigarette ash in the Sexton skiff is quickly wiped up with a wet towel. All of Sexton's equipment, however old, looks brand-new. The customer's dog leaps up for a peek into Sexton's new camper. Horrors. A dog can scratch a car. Everything on earth threatens decay and one maintains oneself only with a devotion to discipline that makes many

When he is not enervated by bad weather, Woody Sexton gives the appearance of tremendous strength and vitality. He constitutes some sort of classic in conservative guiding, while most guides have turned to larger skills—Fiber Craft or Hewes—for the comfort of their customers, Sexton keeps his light Nova Scotia. The skiff was bought from a Hamletian Republican who named it *Amagiri* years ago after the Japanese destroyer that sank PT-109. The name is still on the skiff and has been known to vex some of the Navy personnel on the Keys. Sexton still spends a lot of time on his push pole, a diminishing practice which on a heavy skiff is absolutely brutal. A 1,000-pound skiff with a 135-hp outboard does not glide across a flat easily. Sexton, however, is willing to chase tarpon upwind and up tide, and the amount of power he gets into the pole is appalling. The skiff leaves a wake and if you are standing you maintain your balance with difficulty. This requires the kind of physique and conditioning that leaves the joggers and exercise buffs hiding in any available closet. (At home in the evenings, Sexton exercises his casting arm—which looks like an oak club—by going through all the motions with a 12-pound sledghammer with a foreshortened handle.)

Sexton divides his year in half, moving to the West Coast in early July and back to Big Pine usually in February. Typically, he spends much of his vacation time in the West, fishing steelhead and hunting ducks and chukars. During World War II he was a physical fitness instructor in the Navy. Up until 1966 he cut big trees during the winter on a free-lance basis for the timber industry. Sexton gives the impression of being hyper-intelligent, cranky and totally physical. One cannot imagine a more stylish or powerful fly caster, or anyone more capable at hooking and fighting fish.

At noon you are staked out in the Seeps and it is very hot and still. You hear the outgoing water gurgling through a tidal cut in the mangroves and you are tempted to throw yourself in to wash away the sweat that is dripping into your eyes and down your chest and legs. There are few tarpon around so you have decided to try the barracuda fly Ray Donnersberger has devised. One version has been called Red Death, a name that deserves to be hoisted. But the fly, unlike many flies you have used on barracuda before,



SEXTON: ASTRONAUT ON THE FLATS

weeks. It is at least a foot long and evidently imitates the needlefish, a favorite food of the barracuda. Donnersberger claims the fly casts "nicely" and you agree, assuming you can stuff it down the barrel of a shotgun. But there are those who wouldn't need a gun. You remember an early morning at Vista Linda marina when Cal Cochran decided to cancel; the sky was dark and the wind was running over 30 mph. A few guides were standing around taking turns casting. Cochran threw the whole line and leader about 100 feet across the marina lagoon into the wind.



COCHRAN WOULD POLE TO THE MOON



STU MONTGOMERY HAS THE FORMULA

of Sexton's friends reach for a big drink. As the customer draws nearer to sleep he feels more warm and less nit-picky about Sexton. So what if a man devotes to fishing the same kind of energy Lee Iacocca devoted to the Mustang. A day with Sexton isn't as terrifying as fishing with Stu Apte, for instance, who gives the impression of overbearing faultlessness. Perhaps too overbearing—another guide once went after him with a kill gaff. And unlike Cal Cochran, Sexton often acts puzzled and doubting. Cal Cochran has a *macho* routine on the waterfront that Marlon Brando should study.

This sort of act can cause a great deal of difficulty and misunderstanding between guide and customer. The guide might have logged 20 years on the water and his devotion to angling is all-consuming. The customer has been making money so that, among other things, he can afford the \$90-a-day guide fee. Although the customer most often is not one of the great anglers of the world, a few guides have been known to get very hot over a blown cast. Even to the point of running a customer back to shore if the errors are numerous.

Most guides are fairly tolerant and affable, however, especially if a customer's interest is sincere. Even in the frenzy and exotism of the sport, the good guides remember that their purpose is to enable a customer to catch fish.

The names of guides most frequently heard are Cecil Keith Jr., George Hommel Jr., Stu Apte, Roy Lowe, Bill Curtis, Harry Snow Jr., Eddy Wightman, Jack Brothers, Jimmy Albright, Arlin Leiby, Bob Montgomery, Jim Brewer, Steve Huff and Cal Cochran. A mixture of the great, the apt, and some retired. Albright, for example, has been famous for a very long time. Huff, who is only 27, will be famous for a very long time. A few are extremely versatile—you suspect that Bill Curtis, who works out of Key Biscayne, or Cal Cochran would gladly trail their skiffs to the moon if they thought the fishing was worthwhile. Cochran tackles his job with the belligerence of a pro defensive end. Stu Apte has retired from guiding and become a co-pilot on a 747, which reveals something about the type of person who becomes obsessed with this sport. In his spare time Apte is making a movie about fly-fishing for tarpon from a canoe. One wishes him well. It is said he does not know how to swim.

Harry Snow Jr. is a justly famous guide as was his father before him. His family came originally from Nantucket to Saint Augustine, and later his father moved to the Keys to work on the railroad, he stuck around because he liked the fishing, ending up guiding such notables as Herbert Hoover. The other guides admit that on bonefish Junior is probably in a class by himself and have stories to illustrate. As an instance, Snow can place a customer on the dock, spinning rod in hand, and tell him to cast. Snow invariably

ably can get a cast off first though he has to reach in the rod holder for his equipment. He also has the ability to find fish in the vilest of weather. One morning, sitting over breakfast at the Half and Half up on Big Pine with Woody Sexton and Steve Huff, Harry Snow Jr. looked particularly happy. Though he's booked much of the year he had received a paid cancellation and he and Woody were going to spend the day fishing for pleasure. You look closely into his sun-weathered face for traces of madness: how can he guide for maybe 300 days a year in the heat of the Florida Keys only to go fishing on a day off? He excuses his obsession by saying he wants to relax.

A stretch of bad weather translates into unpaid cancellations and a loss of income for the guides. High winds and clouds can pose additional dangers if a customer on a short vacation insists on going out. A Howes skiff can streak across the flats at about 45 knots and if bad light hides the configurations of the bottom it is easy to run aground. Sometimes bad weather pays off, though. Permit are less wary and take a fly better. And tarpon, if you can see them, are more prone to strike when it's choppy.

There are problems involving etiquette and secrecy. Many good spots have code names to conceal their locations: Animal Farm, the Eccentrics, Monster Point and others. Some areas are named after guides; Hommel's or Woody's Corner. Some secrecy is understandable; it is a guide's livelihood and he probably spends a great deal of time and gas money dogging out the fishery. And though the area is huge, a dozen skills can make it appear crowded. But even if a bungling initiate, or a dread spy from Miami or Islanorada, had the chart name of the area, the precise spot the tarpon or permit tend to travel on a certain tide would be difficult to unravel.

But the biggest problem is when a guide cannot find fish during good conditions. Say there is a big tide and a fly-fishing customer wants to take a mutton snapper, a currently fashionable fish. The guide goes out from Key West, across an area called "the lakes," to Woman Key and Boca Grande, expecting to see snappers behind the rays that move up on the flats with the tide. But while in two hours spent poling the very best water he sees many rays, no snappers are feeding behind them. All of the good signs are there, including cormorants

feeding behind the rays. Even the flat smells fishy. So what has happened? He decides it might be too bumpy along the reef line—a brisk southeast wind has raised a moderate surf. Maybe the snappers don't like it. There aren't many permit around either, though ordinarily permit aren't disturbed by the weather. He is flummoxed. The week before under similar conditions he saw 13 snappers. Also the rare sight of five permit, two snappers and a cormorant following a single mudding ray. Maybe the way the waves draw in upon themselves along the reef, the shallow trough, make the fish think there is less water than there really is. If fish think. Or the weather has been cooler and the change in water temperature might have affected the feeding habits. Both guide and client are upset, the guide is perplexed, the client irritated. A guide is forced to think. If he is not prepared to think technically, to become a master strategist, it is unlikely he will survive, since the core of his livelihood is return business.

World War II proved to be very good for the offshore fishing around Key West, though no one realized it at the time. There were German subs in the area and they knocked off a few of our ships. These wrecks provide the prey with shelter from the predator, the wreck is a giant restaurant for a wide spectrum of sea creatures that ranges from the tiny crustaceans that plaster themselves on the steel to huge sharks and 300-pound jewfish. Some of the wrecks are extremely difficult to find and some are too far from Key West for any but the fastest boats. But Bob Montgomery has mastered both the finding of them and the light-tackle approach to fishing their bounty.

Montgomery was a flight engineer for 12 years in the Navy before he decided that the Navy was not "what it used to be." He was raised on Mondongo Island off the west coast of Florida where his father was a fishing guide. He docks two boats at Garrison Light, Key West, both of which he custom-built: a 19-foot Carey for the flats and a 23-foot formula for offshore wreck fishing. Montgomery is an aggressive though very pleasant human. He likes the idea of versatility in fishing, and owning two boats gives him a wide range of options.

There is a touch of the blond Ernest Borgnine to Montgomery. He is jovial but with a firm sense of what he is on

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years. The fishing is still good and with a little sense on the part of even the most house angler it can be kept that way.

After fishing in the Florida Keys for a number of years it becomes obvious that guides do not make a lot of money despite their high daily fee, and certainly not much commensurate with their abilities as men. A fully-equipped skiff with motor costs at least \$5,000, there are the many blown-out charters, and the rigor of the job equals that of a jackhammer operator. But there is a dignity and grace in the profession unavailable in all but a very few areas to very few men. You have to be good or you don't eat. Few of the guides could imagine doing anything else. At least until they simply wear out.

And there is the rapport that the guide, no matter the repetition, shares with his customer: the sheer fun and excitement of the sport. It is most palpable early in the morning. At dockside the customers are talking with strenuously subdued giddiness, trying to act offhanded and experienced. The guides gasp up the boats and double-check the gear. They are wary and gruff, concealing their nervousness in all the details of preparation. But the nearly crazy unvoiced hope of all is that it might be one of those special days to be talked of with awe through all the heavy nights to come, say jumping 20 tarpon or a first permit on fly or a dozen bonefish. Or even the immemorial—breaking Apte's record of a 154-pound tarpon on a fly. No wonder he's arrogant. And no matter that the boats will probably return in eight hours with the guides grim with unenvied success and the customers looking as though they had just spent eight hours in a sauna under a sun lamp. When it is bad for some and good for others the anger of the losers is nearly primitive. The guides shuffle and grimace around the dock in the late afternoon sun wondering why they aren't doing something sensible for God's sake. The unsuccessful anglers lunge for their cars, which have heated up like ovens. But the lucky ones—and luck is always a factor, along with skill and good guiding—don't want to leave just yet. They move around the boat slips in sort of a peacock trance talking to anyone who will listen for even a moment about their experience, certainly among the top few that angling—or life—has to offer. **END**

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- What woman champion turned to tennis after her parents wouldn't let her play football any more?
- Should a high volley be hit with an open racket face?
- Is a stiff racket preferable to a flexible one?
- Is Paul Kronk an umpire, a USTA official or an outstanding tennis player?
- Did Arthur Ashe bet on Bobby Riggs or Billie Jean to win the Battle of the Sexes?
- If a player waves his arms and stomps his feet during play, can the opponent claim the point?
- Should a linesman or umpire warn a player before calling a footfault?
- Is Billie Jean King ranked No. 1 or No. 2 in the world?
- What "old warrior" won his first men's singles title since 1969 at Alamo, California, by beating Arthur Ashe and Bjorn Borg?
- What international player competed this year with a 4-inch pin in his shoulder joint?
- At what hotel can you play tennis 24 hours a day, 365 days a year?
- Why did the linesmen walk off the court in the Cliff Richey-Kay Moore match?
- What woman tennis player complained that the "Lucky Loser" draw at a Virginia Slims tournament was fixed, and was she correct?
- Will the WCT Men's Pro Circuit have one, two or three tournaments a week in 1974?
- Is a Stroke Master a) an expert tennis champion, b) a top grade tennis teacher or c) a teaching aid?
- Is there a National Championship for players 65 and over?
- Why did the British tobacco company of W.D. & H.O. Wills withdraw from tennis sponsorship in disgust?
- Have Chris Evert and Evonne Coolidge joined the Women's Tennis Association?
- There is a tennis court in a salt mine at the 400 foot level. In what country?
- Can an umpire deprive a player of a point because of obscene language?
- What 15-year-old girl just turned pro?
- Is there such a thing as "tennis roe" and is it fatal?
- What player who was turned down on the WCT and U.S. Indoor Circuit because "he wasn't good enough", made \$50,000 in prize money this year?

The answers to these and many other questions are in the December issue of

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Well, that explains everything. Sifting through dusty archives to find evidence of links between **Mark Phillips**, Princess Anne's recent bridegroom, and the nobility, English genealogists have discovered that he is descended from a titled family by the name of Hoesey. The family coat of arms is adorned with three horses' heads.

Meanwhile, back at another branch of the royal succession, **Prince Charles** was trying to figure out what to do with the feudal dues he received as Duke of Cornwall in a grand and ancient ceremony. In addition to a pound of pepper and a carriage full of wood, the tribute included a number of useful sporting goods, among them: a bow (without arrows), a salmon spear, gilt spurs and a pair of Cornish greyhounds. Others, including a goatskin mantle, a pair of gloves and 100 newly milled shillings, could be useful in an ancillary way. The ancient ceremony at the Norman castle in Launceston, Cornwall was last performed in 1937 when Charles' grandfather, King George VI, received the tribute. There is no record of what King George did with his booty.

With a name like **Maria de los Angeles Ramos**, you'd figure she would prefer one National Football League team above all others. And Miss Ramos does, the Baltimore Colts. All this was discovered when the 20-year-old young lady, who really is an avid pro football fan, became a naturalized citizen at the Lancaster, Pa. county courthouse. But until 1966, when she came to the United States from Cuba, Miss Ramos had never heard of the Los Angeles Rams.

Maryland Secretary of State **Fred Wineland** shot into the air, and where it landed he knew not where—even though it fell right

on top of him. "I went goose hunting near Chestertown," Wineland explains, "and a formation of geese flew overhead. I shot at one, a second, and then swung to shoot at a third. Just then, the first goose hit me and knocked me out. It had fallen about 100 feet and I never saw it." Wineland suffered four cracked ribs and a considerable fracture in the state of his dignity.

Take an enormous rock, carve into it a ship shape, put a motor on it and place actress **Edy Williams** at the controls. The result is a great gimmick for the Los Angeles Boat Show—or so Promoter Al Franken claimed. "But rocks don't float," the sponsors said. "This is pumuck," Franken replied. "It's filled with air pockets." So the party proceeded to Manna del Rey, where the 2,200-pound rock was launched with the assistance of a shot-putter and a discus thrower from USC. Now we all know that pumuck, air pockets and all, does not float.

There is endless curiosity about what really transpires when an infielder trots over to the pitcher's mound at a tense moment in a baseball game. **Ros Hunt** of the Montreal Expos accommo-

datingly revealed one of those conversations recently. It occurred last summer after Hunt let a routine grounder get through his legs and Relief Pitcher **Mike Marshall** threw up his hands in disgust. Moments later, Ron jogged over to Marshall. Here is what he said, "If you ever show me up on a baseball field like that again, I'll beat the daylight out of you right here on the mound." Marshall looked wise, said nothing and went back to pitching.

Hazards of the playing field are well known, but on the concert stage? Well, yes. Pianist **Arthur MacKenzie**, who once injured a leg when he hit a crashing chord and the piano collapsed, had his piano roll right away after another mighty crescendo. It slid off the stage into the audience, and clearly a stop had to be put to this sort of thing. MacKenzie called on his friend **Peter Broadman**, owner of the Montreal Canadiens, who responded with a gift of hockey pucks. The pucks now travel everywhere with MacKenzie. Make good checks for the legs of Steinways.

★ European heavyweight champion **Joe Bugner** does have a tendency to fight best against the big ones—Joe Frazier and Muham-

mad Ali, for example. But when an admirer gave Bugner a replica of Michelangelo's *Danae*, and Bugner went nose to nose with the Biblical hero, the result was striking. "Apparently the fan was so impressed by the likeness that he bought it for me," Joe said. And indeed the resemblance was anything but a bust.

Ten thousand people and some congressional cash showed up in Cuero, Texas for the World Champion Turkey Race. Representatives **Abraham Kazan** of Texas and **John Zwack** of Minnesota had placed a friendly wager on the two-beat turkey trot. Tom Foolery, Minnesota-bred, won the second heat, but Cuero's own Ruby Begonia had the best elapsed time for the combined heats and was judged winner. Zwack had to pay, but the turkey did not. Instead of the usual loser's fate of getting gobbled at somebody's dinner table, it was given to Cuero's high school football team as a mascot. They are nicknamed the Gohblers.

It was a little like discovering that Bert Parks had cavities or that Charles Goren regularly lost in pickup card games. Dr. **Ira Whitman**, director of the Ohio Environmental Protection Agency, and the state's water quality chief, admitted that he has a water pollution problem right in his own home. For more than a year now, he explained sheepishly, he has been entirely unable to keep goldfish alive in his aquarium. After a feverish change of divers and castles and recouling of seams, the tank is still not fit to breathe in, if nothing works, will Whitman grant himself a two-year extension to comply with clean-water standards? "It's too late for that," he says. "The fish are already dead." Yeah, but what about the stream the tank water comes from?





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There's a USC in muscle

And vice versa, as UCLA discovered when the Trojans flexed their biceps, stopped the Bruin running game and won another Rose Bowl berth

Anthony Davis is alive and making another run at immortality. The USC tailback has been comparatively subdued this season, just trucking gently through the Pacific Eight while waiting for his talented young teammates to grow up and join him on Mount Olympus. "People act as though I've been sitting out the year," said the 1972 sophomore sensation after helping the Trojans sack, favored UCLA 23-13 last Saturday to earn their sixth trip to the Rose Bowl in eight years. "People keep asking, 'Where's Anthony Davis? Is he still injured?' Well, I've been here and I'm healthy, and bigger and faster than last year. But we're a young team and I'm not walking around with an S on my chest. In order for me to do my thing, 10 other guys have got to do their thing."

Last year, while the low-slung All-America was doing his thing (1,253 yards, 17 touchdowns), he was following

blockers who could punch holes through the Hoover Dam—and back the water up for half a mile. "Charles Young, Pete Adams, Allan Graf, Mike Ryan, Dave Brown and Sam Cunningham," said Davis, tacking off the names. "By the time I got here they had all been playing three years. And now most of them are in the pros. Man, how do you replace people like those? It takes time."

Apparently, it took USC precisely 10 games. Either that, or Davis had better check his chest again. After sputtering but surviving against the likes of Oregon State and Oregon and Washington, the Trojans tore great holes in UCLA's defenses, and Davis twisted through the wreckage for 145 yards and USC's first touchdown. "The defense has been ear-rying us all year," he said. "It was time we got off their backs."

Their load lightened, the USC defenders gleefully challenged their hated cross-

town rivals, and by the time they were done with what had been the nation's No. 1 scoring machine the Bruins' Wishbone was stopped. UCLA had lost its opener to Nebraska, but then had scored at a seemingly impressive rate of just under a point a minute against nine hump-typ-dumties, and the easy living proved expensive. While wallowing in all that luxury, the Bruins had averaged 415.4 yards rushing, also No. 1 in the nation, and they needed only 111 yards against USC to break the Pac-8 season total offense record. Understandably, they were impressed by their own credentials. Only they said so in public.

"I just don't see how USC is going to defense us," said Kermit Johnson, the senior wingback who had already run for 1,022 yards and 15 touchdowns. "They'll be thinking so much about our running game that our passes will sneak right by them—and that will be it. I can't see any way they can stop us."

What few passes UCLA did throw all season would have to be classified as sneaks, all right. Mostly they came when games were already well won and even then there were only 83 of them. Nor was the passing that effective, just 35 completions. By contrast, the Bruins had run the ball 635 times.

"I was awful against USC last year, and so were a lot of other guys," offered fullback James McAlister, who had been stung from his usual quiet and gentle role when Davis had stopped by the UCLA campus to show off his Rose Bowl ring. "But we're not afraid any longer. They are going to get theirs."

Although a blithe free-wheeling optimist, UCLA Coach Pepper Rodgers became a model of conservatism. "USC is always tough," he said, "but this year they are doubly tough. They have three great tailbacks and a running game that can stack it to you. And if you grab them unawares and grab a lead, they can come back with the pass. If they put it together they can do anything they want. But so can we. So it comes down to the errors. Who makes them? Where? How often? How critical?"

If Rodgers had known the answers in advance, when UCLA won the toss he might have elected to surrender. The Bruins made all the errors. And often. And when are four fumbles and two intercepted passes not critical?

Instead, UCLA elected to receive and

continued



HAULING IN A PAT HAGEN PASS, J. K. MCKAY SCORES FOR USC—AND FOR DAD

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the Trojans went into their 50 defense (3 linemen, 4 linebackers) with orders to protect their flanks at any cost. "We'll play it just like we have all year," said USC Coach John McKay. "We won't be able to stop them; we'll slow them down. But we can't let them go wide. We have to turn them inside." Against the Wishbone the defense is dead without speedy linebackers, and USC has a corps that could masquerade as a sprint relay team—while using an enemy fullback as the bait. Nor were those big, speedy linebackers all that happy with UCLA's loose-talking backs:

"All that talking won't do you any good unless you are playing U. of P. [University of the Pacific]," said Richard Wood, an angry 6' 2", 217-pound junior who stalks the middle. "They were talking and not paying any attention to who they were playing."

On the first play, Wood savagely served notice. UCLA sent McAlister over left guard and he made a yard before Wood flung him to the Coliseum's wretched turf. Then the linebacker leaned over and said, "You know who you are playing now?" Looking more Syracuse seissor than Wishbone, UCLA slugged twice more at USC's middle, gained little and punted.

The USC offense came on and, under the cool guidance of junior Quarterback Pat Haden, showed none of September's uncertainties while using up a little less than nine minutes, giving up the ball only after Davis had sizzled the final four yards to score. The march covered 68 yards in 15 plays, and except for the minor annoyance of an incomplete pass it was as faultless as a Marine precision drill.

After a UCLA field goal cut the score to 7-3, USC opened a second crisp attack, and a Bruin cheerleader grabbed a microphone and shouted, "Baby, this is it. If we don't stop them now something bad is gonna happen." The something bad was a 16-yard pass from a scrambling Haden to J. K. McKay, who was alone in the end zone.

Down 14-3, it was time for some sneaky UCLA passes. Rodgers pulled senior Quarterback Mark Harmon and replaced him with John Sciarra, a sophomore who is both a better passer and runner but unpolished as a ball handler. "When Sciarra comes in they want to make you think he'll throw," Wood said, "but they still want to run." Run-

ning, UCLA went 84 yards to score, with Johnson getting 39 in one chunk and the last three. A USC field goal, the first of three by Chris Limahelu, made it 17-10 at halftime.

From there, little went right for UCLA which, on the basis of a better record (9-1 to 8-1-1) needed only a tie to wind up in Pasadena on New Year's Day. The Bruins fumbled the first two times they had the ball in the second half, once managed to hold on long enough to kick a field goal and then fumbled again. As a change of pace Sciarra threw an interception, his second.

The final score was 23-13, but for Pepper Rodgers it will always be 6-0. "Can you believe that?" he demanded to know when it was over. "We had that ball over six to zero. They were supposed to make the mistakes but they didn't make any today. Six to zero. Incredible!" He thought of the incredible for a moment, then added, "Aw, well. They've got six All-Americans. Who can play against a team with that many All-Americans?"

A man came in and wondered why UCLA had failed to attack the USC corners. It was suggested that perhaps Rodgers had decided it was an impossible task and had all but eliminated it from his game plan. Since UCLA had spent most of the afternoon hammering away at USC's jammed middle, it seemed a logical assumption.

"That's negative thinking," Rodgers snapped. "We didn't go outside because we thought we could run on them inside. That's positive thinking."

"I wasn't thinking of it negatively," the man demurred.

"Yes you were," said Rodgers.

Not far away, on the other side of the wall that separates the two dressing rooms beneath the Coliseum, Davis peeled away his dirty uniform and then perched on a small bench. Next to him someone had placed a small red rose. He said he had read some of the stuff the UCLA players had said before the game, but it hadn't bothered him.

"But now that it's over maybe this town will finally shut up," he said. "That's all we heard: how great the UCLA offense was. It's a good offense, but I just wanted to show people that all those big statistics and all those points scored in the past don't mean nothing. Not until they do it to us. That's why I don't believe in national ratings. Everybody doesn't play everybody else. How

come Ohio State has been No. 1? They never played us. Well, we'll get either them or Michigan in the Rose Bowl. That's really going to be something. And we've got all that time before we play."

To relax?

"Relax? No," Anthony Davis said. "To sweat. Now that we found out what kind of an offense we got, we can really go to work on it. Then on New Year's Day we'll find out just how good it actually is."

THE WEEK

by JOE JARES

WEST

1. USC (9-1-1)
2. UCLA (9-2)
3. ARIZONA STATE (10-1)

Woody Green, barely mentioned in a lot of people's Heisman speculations, accomplished his third straight 1,000-yard season while Arizona State was Greening Arizona 55-19 before the biggest crowd in Sun Devil Stadium history, 51,383. Quarterback Denny White set six NCAA records. He passed for 333 yards and four TDs and completed 22 of 38, and now has been responsible or partly responsible for 73 touchdowns in three years. Green carried 25 times for 192 yards. Ben Malone ran for 147 more. Morris Owens set an NCAA record for average yards per reception in one season (21.5 yards averaged on 50 catches). And on and on. What it boils down to is that ASU is going to the Fiesta Bowl against Pittsburgh armed with more firepower than the Seventh Fleet, and not a bad defense either; Linbacker Bob Brumby, for instance, blocked an Arizona punt, intercepted a pass and was in on 13 tackles.

The Game was in New Haven, The Big-geest Game was down in L.A., but The Big Game was at Palo Alto—Stanford housing California with the Axe and not much else at stake. Stanford won 26-17, but it got the Axe back early. A conspirator imitated Cal Coach Mike White's voice and asked that the trophy be brought to a sportsman's pre-game meeting. When the courier arrived he was jumped by Stanford students and deaved. That was a lot more exciting than the first half of the game itself, then things warmed up in the second. A 56-yard-in-the-air Steve Bortkowski pass helped Cal get ahead 17-13 before the Cardinals took

continued

command. "When we finally settled down in the fourth quarter," said Stanford's star runner, Scott Lindlaw, "our line started opening holes that we could sweep through. Most of that line will be back next year. Stanford is building for something big."

The situation in beautiful flower-scented Hawaii was ugly and smelly. The Honolulu police department was investigating charges by departed Quarterback Casey Orie that a small group of University of Hawaii defensive players had been betting on the team all year. Orie and Wide Receiver Allen Brown quit and left for the mainland. On Saturday the Rainbows managed only a field goal in losing to San Jose State 23-3. Three different quarterbacks failed to move the team to a pot of gold or anything else. San Jose finished with a 5-4-2 record, its first winning season in more than 10 years.

Some people suggested the Oregon-Oregon State game be called the Lemon Bowl and one newspaper labeled it the Battle of the Weak. Still, nearly 40,000 fans showed up on a cold and showery day in Eugene for the 77th renewal of the intrastate contest. Oregon State surprised the Ducks 17-14, winning only its second game of the season, and the Beaver defense deserved most of the credit. Oregon intercepted passes at the OSU 36 and 22, and recovered fumbles at the Beaver 36, 31 and 17, and out of all those opportunities got only seven points. Beaver Tailback Ray Taroli took a pitchout on the first play, stopped and threw a 29-yard touchdown pass. Then, with OSU trailing 14-10, he took the second-half kickoff on his goal line and returned it 68 yards to set up his team's final touchdown.

In the other Northwest traditional rivalry, Washington State beat hapless Washington 52-26 and finished with a 5-6 record. And who wouldn't have six losses after meeting USC, UCLA, Arizona State, Ohio State, Kansas and Stanford? More Idaho on the schedule or more quality athletes on the team and what the Cougars need. Washington's final record: 2-9. Whatever happened to the Purple Gang?

SOUTH

1. ALABAMA (10-0)
2. LSU (9-1)
3. NO. CAROLINA ST. (8-3)

If Kentucky's Ron Steele, who had kicked a 46-yard field goal the week before to tie a school distance record, could just make it from 34 yards out, the Wildcats would beat Tennessee and have their first winning season since 1965. The Volunteers, playing Kentucky for the 69th time, called time out to let the pressure build up even more for Steele.

His kick with 19 seconds left was on line but passed about a foot under the crossbar. Tennessee won 16-14. Nevertheless, Kentucky finished with a 5-6 record, its best in eight years, and at least had the satisfaction of having battled back from 16-0 to give the Vols a horrible scare. "In 13 years of coaching, I've never seen a more courageous bunch of boys," said Kentucky Coach Fran Curren. Said Steele, "I wasn't nervous, I got a good hold, but I just got under it too much."

Booyed by its first bowl invitation in 17 years (the Peach), Maryland crushed Tulane 42-9 in College Park. The Terrapins improved their record to 8-3, their best since going 10-1 in 1955 and the first winning season in 11 years. "Since that first loss to West Virginia in the opener we've come a long way," said second-year Coach Jerry Claiborne. "We showed people today we ought to be one of the ranked teams in the country." Tulane trailed only 14-3 at the half and in the third quarter moved the ball to the Terp seven before losing it on a fumble. Maryland then went 93 yards to a TD in 10 plays and the romp was on. Claiborne used 62 men. Maryland Defensive End Kevin Ward said, "The hitting was unbelievable out there and after a while Tulane just didn't want to hear it."

Sophomore Quarterback Jeff Grantz, who had missed the previous two games because of an ankle injury, ran for 185 yards and passed for 121 more in leading South Carolina to a 32-20 victory over state rival Clemson. His 306 yards of total offense gave him 1,670 in nine games this season. "I just wish I could play for another year or that we had had him at quarterback the last two years," said senior Center Darrell Austin. "We would have had some great football teams because he is a super quarterback." Clemson Coach Red Parker was just as impressed: "I don't believe I've ever seen as fine an option quarterback. He's a superb athlete—a great athlete."

Duke and North Carolina often play for bowl invitations and Atlantic Coast Conference championships, but this year it was for nothing but pride. Duke won 27-10, which it had to do to avoid being winless in the league. Before the game Duke students stole the North Carolina ram and painted his horns and some other parts deep Blue-Devil Blue. The mascot was returned at halftime while the Carolina band was on the field performing. In the other big intrastate battle North Carolina State toyed with Wake Forest 52-13, and Willie Burden became the first Wolfpack player ever to get 1,000 yards rushing in a season. Bruce Shaw was on the starting end of a 53-yard touchdown pass play and thus surpassed Roman Gabriel's school passing-yardage record.

Miami has one game to go—at night against Notre Dame—and that contest will determine if the Hurricanes finish winners

or losers. Florida beat Coach Pete Ellet's team 14-7 to make the Miami record 5-5, which isn't bad considering the previous losses were to Oklahoma, Houston, West Virginia and Alabama. It was very nearly another Hurricane happening. Miami drove from its 40 to the Gator five before being stopped with 33 seconds left.

Vanderbilt got ready for Tennessee with an 18-16 win over Tampa. Mississippi had an easy time in neutral Jackson, beating Mississippi State 34-10, and Tennessee at Chattanooga edged Eastern Tennessee 26-21.

EAST

1. PENN. STATE (11-0)
2. PITTSBURGH (8-4-1)
3. TEMPLE (9-1)

Penn State trailed 13-3 at halftime, but then the Nittany Lions woke up, sealing off the Pitt offense in the second half and winning their 11th straight game 35-13. The victory gave Coach Joe Paterno his third perfect season in the last six years and boosted his eight-year coaching record to 74-13-1, best in the country. John Cappelletti closed his Heisman Trophy campaign with 161 yards. Pat freshman Tony Goretz made 77.

"There is too much competition going on around here," said an Old Blue, surveying the elaborate tailgate table settings outside Yale Bowl in New Haven. In the game there was almost no competition at all after Yale had taken a 14-0 lead in the second quarter. Hitting with a fervor that it had shown only sporadically this season, the Eli defense, led by Elvin Charney who showed none helped bury Harvard 35-0. Yale was equally devastating on offense. Rudy Green and John Donohue took turns running around and through the Harvards, and second-string Kevin Regan passed over them. Total offense: 523 yards. "We had tremendous consistency," said Yale Coach Carmen Cazza. "For the first time this year we had offense and defense."

Harvard had no one to blame but itself for the passing put of it. "When I was in high school," said flinger Regan, "Harvard didn't recruit me that heavily. I got a letter or two, but Harvard acted as though it was doing me a favor. Yale alumni took me out to dinner and showed an interest in me." So he went to Yale but suffered a separated shoulder in his first home game and had played in only nine varsity games prior to this season.

Quartmouth, as expected, won its fifth straight Ivy championship and its 10th in 18 years by beating weak Princeton 42-24. Rick Klepach scored three touchdowns and

gained 154 yards. His career mark of 1,788 bettered by 25 the 1957-1959 total of Jake Croushamel, now the Dartmouth coach.

And let's hear it for Brown! The usually hapless Bruins, who haven't done much on the football field since a quarterback named Paterno left some time ago, beat Columbia 37-14 and improved their Ivy record to 4-3, the best since 1958. First-year Coach John Anderson, who worked similar miracles at Middlebury, was riding high, but it was a sad day for Columbia Coach Frank Navarra, who had already announced his departure after six years of trying to get the Lions out of the muck of failure. Brown Quarterback Pete Beattie completed 18 of 26 passes, including two for touchdowns.

At Franklin Field in Philadelphia, Penn's Marty Vaughn threw three TD passes as the Quakers beat Cornell 31-22. Temple, which began the season well and then lost to Boston College 45-0 in the second game, won its eighth straight, bushing neighbor Villanova 34-0 C W Post failed its trophy case by beating Hofstra 53-14. There was the Governor's Cup for the Metropolitan Conference title, the Westbrook Cup for winning the Post-Hofstra game and the Gibson Trophy for having the best record on Long Island. The Lambert Bowl came next.

MIDWEST

1. OKLAHOMA (9-0-1)
2. NOTRE DAME (9-0)
3. MICHIGAN (10-0-1)

Oklahoma, which will be banned from television the next two seasons (because of recurring violations, not low Nielsen ratings), decided to leave a strong impression on viewers' minds. The stingy Sooners shut out Nebraska 27-0 and allowed the Cornhuskers to cross the 50-yard line only once, and that on a 33-yard pass play that ended with a fumble recovered by Oklahoma. Nebraska had not been blanked since the Okies did it back in 1908. "It amazes even me," said OU Defensive Coach Larry Luciwelt, and Texas Coach Darrell Royal, an awed spectator, said, "The defense was as good as I've ever seen. I don't recall ever watching a defensive team dominate like that." Royal raved about the Selmon brothers, "You can get by with three men when all three are named Selmon."

In extending its unbeaten string to 17, longest in the country, Oklahoma was impressive offensively, too. Quarterback Steve Davis gained 114 yards and scored his 10th, 14th and 15th touchdowns of the year. Halfback Joe Washington ran for 107 yards, prompting Coach Barry Switzer to say, "There's no back in the country who can

do the things Joe Washington can do." Both Davis and Washington are sophomores. Too bad they will not have TV cameras trained on them again until they are pros.

Weird plays highlighted Iowa State's 28-12 victory over Oklahoma State. That result is a little weird in itself, but check this: in the fourth quarter Iowa State's freshman quarterback, Buddy Hardeman, rolled left, then dived off tackle and was in the clear with two blockers when Cowboy Guard Deacon Stephenson—a reserve offensive guard—made the tackle. Of course, he jumped from out of bounds to do it. The officials credited Hardeman with 74 yards and a TD. "I don't really know what happened," said the 12th defender, "but I could see that no one was going to get him, so I just stepped out and tackled him." That's not all. In the third quarter Iowa State Safety Barry Hill picked off a fumble in midair, ran 38 yards, then fumbled it right back. And Oklahoma State's Coy Everett tried an onside kick that turned out to be a little more onside than he hoped. The ball went five yards backward and out of bounds.

Nore Dume continued its destructive impact on the military-industrial complex, battering Air Force 48-15 in South Bend. Its combined score against Army, Navy and Air Force in 1973 was 154-25. The Falcons had barely taken off when they were turned into praying rather than preying birds—the Irish scored 28 points in the first 12 minutes. Now if Ara Parseghian could just schedule the Coast Guard, the Merchant Marine and Virginia Military Institute.

For nearly three quarters the Kansas-Missouri game was a classic of ineptitude. In one sequence of four plays near the end of the first half, Missouri fumbled, Kansas recovered, mishandled two snaps from center and fumbled the ball back to Missouri. But late in the third period the game turned into a classic, period, as rousing as any of the 81 previously played between the two schools. The Jayhawks came back to win it 14-13 on a David Jaynes-to-Lemmett Edwards pass with less than two minutes left. The difference was a missed PAT by Greg Hall, best field-goal kicker in Tiger history and a man who had connected on 20 straight conversions this season. The win gave Kansas, which had been picked for seventh place in the Big Eight by the sportswriters, a tie for second with Nebraska.

Keith Brumley, a fifth-year senior at Kansas State, missed four field-goal tries in an early season game, but he made up for that Saturday in Boulder, kicking a 30-yard and five seconds left to help beat aupt Colorado 17-14. Earlier in the loosely played game his 48-yard try hit the crossbar and bounced back. K-State Coach Vince Gibson called the game "a great win for our seniors. They hadn't had much good happen to them during their careers." Colorado Coach Ed-

die Crowder was the target of snowballs from Buffalo fans who expected better than a 3-6 record. One good thing for the home team: Charlie Davis rushed for 113 yards, upping his career total to 3,172 and putting him in second place behind Oklahoma's Steve Owens on the all-time Big Eight list.

Purdue-Indiana drew 40,434 fewer fans than Michigan-Ohio State, but the fight was nearly as fierce before Purdue won the Old Oaken Bucket 28-23. Indiana finished with a 0-8 record in the Big Ten. "I tried everything I knew to win this football game—mentally and physically," said Hoosier Coach Lee Corso. "We played our best game of the season. We played this game with heart, soul and body and every ounce of energy we had." Well, at least Indiana Safety Quinn Buckner did not get hurt. He reported to Basketball Coach Bobby Knight the next day.

Wichita State, which had won only one Missouri Valley Conference game, scored three touchdowns in the second half to beat favored Tulsa 28-19. The touchdown putting Wichita ahead 10-13 came on a 25-yard pass play from Tom Owen to Jim Fenwick and Tulsa never could catch up. Tulsa and North Texas State thus tied for the league championship with 5-1 records.

Toledo dropped its fifth straight to Xavier 35-31, and things weren't too great for its old coach, Frank Lauterbar, either. Already fired as Iowa coach, he watched his Hawkeyes fall to Michigan State 15-6 and finish with a 0-11 record. Lauterbar's record after three seasons at Iowa: 4-28-1. The disenchantment in Iowa City was obvious. The crowd was announced at 31,119, but newspapermen estimated that because of no-shows the actual count was no higher than 20,000, the smallest since World War II. In one section of Nite Kinnick Stadium a group of fans chanted, "We're No 10. We're No 10." Did Lauterbar have any thoughts after such an emotional week? "Yeah," he said. "I keep wondering where I'll be working next year." Northwestern beat error-plagued Illinois 9-6. Kent State battered Central Michigan 28-7, giving the Chippewas a foul taste of what it's going to be like when they join the Mid-American in 1976. Minnesota took third place in the Big Ten by beating lake-country rival Wisconsin 19-17.

SOUTHWEST

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SMU lost consecutive Southwest Conference games to Texas Tech, Texas and Texas A&M when its fine senior quarterback, Keith Boho, was injured. With Boho running

continued

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COLLEGE FOOTBALL *continued*

things, the Mustangs had a 4-1-1 record for the rest of the schedule, and unfortunately for Baylor last Saturday in Waco, Bobo was bristling with good health. He threw a 63-yard touchdown pass to End Kenny Harrison on SMU's second play of the game and later scored himself on runs of nine and 16 yards. He rushed for 92 yards in 15 carries and directed the Wishbone attack that gashed Baylor's defense for 452 yards, 23 first downs and a 38-22 victory. "It was great to have Kenh back in top shape," said SMU

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE LINEMAN: Junior Linebacker Rod Shoate helped Oklahoma hold Nebraska scoreless for the first time in five years. A valuable ally of the Belton brothers, he was in on 14 tackles, three unassisted.

THE BACK: Sophomore Andre Griffin of the Rose Bowl-bound Ohio State Buckeyes gained 163 yards in 30 carries vs. Michigan and stretched his 1973 yardage to 1,428, the most in State's 74-year football history.

Coch Coach Dave Smith. "He worked the plays beautifully."

The most spectacular, and snafu-like, play was the TD pass to Harrison, which tricked poor Baylor badly. Smith, who had used the same play last year at Oklahoma State against Iowa State, said, "We didn't huddle, and when the ref moved away from the line and as Baylor broke us defensive huddle, we snafued the ball. By the time they looked around, Harrison was behind everybody."

Bobo or no Bobo, Texas won its sixth consecutive SWC championship, stomping Texas A&M 42-13 in College Station on Thanksgiving Day. Roosevelt Leaks sprained his left knee in the third quarter and did not return, but he already had set a conference season rushing record of 1,415 yards. He should be back by Cotton Bowl time. Quarterback Marty Akins scored three Longhorn touchdowns.

Texas Tech Quarterback Joe Barnes led the Red Raiders to a 24-17 win over Arkansas in Little Rock. It gave Tech a 10-1 record, the best since it was admitted to the league in 1960. "Barnes made the difference," said Arkansas Coach Frank Broyles. "He has an uncanny knack of making people miss him." Barnes ran for 119 yards, passed for 112 and has 20-, 25- and 30-yard runs in passing situations set up two touchdowns and a field goal, bringing Tech back from a 10-0 deficit.

Houston battered Wyoming 35-0 in the Astrodome. Rice beat TCU 14-9 and left the poor Horned Frogs with a 3-7 record with SMU still to play.

END

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Although Atlanta's expansion Flames are burning bright, goalies Danny Bouchard and Phil Myre and their teammates are hearing boos as once-noble Southern fans begin to wise up

Trouble in paradise—but not very much

A not-so-funny thing has happened to Boom Boom Geoffrion and the Atlanta Flames, something called initial shock. Remember last season when the Flames introduced Georgians to hockey? Those Southerners were so naive they used to cheer defensemen whenever they touched the puck for a routine icing call. The Flames managed to play a complete 39-game home schedule without reading or hearing a single word of complaint. "It was a paradise," admits Goaltender Danny Bouchard. Well, a fortnight ago it was paradise lost. The Flames were booed for the first time in their arena, the Omni.

This momentous event occurred in a losing game against Buffalo when Don Luce and Craig Ramsay of the Sabres played a private game of keepaway with the puck while the Flames supposedly were on their power play. For almost two minutes the Flames futilely chased Luce and Ramsay around the ice. The roar started in the upper reaches of the stands. Some people booed, some stomped their feet and then others booed and stomped

their feet. Even Tommy Nobis, the middle linebacker of the Falcons, who likes watching hockey almost as much as he enjoys mashing quarterbacks, booed the Flames. The sudden jeers carried a clear message. As one fan said, "I didn't know the difference between the power play and the blue line last year, but now I know a good power play when I see one—and that was an awful power play, y'know."

After the game Geoffrion, the squire of Peachtree Street with his avant-garde clothes and fluorescent shoes, confronted his new critics, but he did not challenge their vocal judgment. In fact, in a masterful exhibition of public relations, Geoffrion seconded their comments and left them all convinced that they were indeed true experts.

"The power play was pretty bad, Boom," observed one fan.

"I guarantee you dat," Geoffrion said in his rapid Gallic monotone.

"They didn't skate, did they?" somebody noted.

"Dat's right. Absolutely. I agree

with you 100% on dat," Geoffrion said.

"What about the boos, Boomer?" asked another.

"I have to agree with you people and all da fans," Geoffrion said. "We deserved them, to be sure."

Since that initial encounter with a hostile audience, however, Geoffrion and the Flames have kept the boos and the stomping to a minimum by winning last week's rematch against Buffalo 3-2 and then defeating the Vancouver Canucks 4-1 to remain bunched with the leaders in the NHL's West Division. In many ways the Flames can blame only themselves for any sudden outbursts of disfavor. The Flames have pumpered and spoiled the people of Atlanta by giving them a legitimate playoff contender and a rinkful of promising young stars in only their second year of operation. So far this season the Flames have already defeated Boston, Montreal and hated Philadelphia. Thus the fans now expect the heroic in every game. "When we all yell 'Melt 'em, Flames,'" drawled one Atlanta lovely, "we mean it."

continued

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With due credit to Geoffrion's charismatic presence and superior coaching, the man most responsible for Atlanta's instant success is General Manager Cliff Fletcher, who obviously took copious notes during the 10 years he worked for shrewd Sam Pollock in Montreal and the five years he helped Scotty Bowman in St. Louis. The 38-year-old Fletcher travels 10,000 miles and accumulates almost \$1,500 in telephone bills every month, and, not surprisingly, many of his trips and calls are to Montreal. Six of Fletcher's top players, including Goaltender Phil Myre, who teams with Bouchard to give the Flames the best pair of young goalies in hockey, and Center Tom Lysiak, who has been the NHL's top rookie this season, have a Canadian connection, prompting one rival general manager to call Atlanta "Montreal South." There is reason enough for jealousy; Fletcher has created the model expansion franchise in record time.

Never a good hockey player himself, Fletcher switched to coaching when he was barely 18 years old, handling several pee-wee teams around his native Montreal. Four years later the Canadiens needed a manager for their amateur affiliate in suburban Verdun, and they hired Fletcher for \$200 a season. That team folded after one year, Fletcher recalls. He remained with Montreal for the next decade, handling administrative and scouting duties for Pollock, and then joined Bowman, who had been another of Pollock's junior aides, in St. Louis in 1966. Suddenly, in 1971, after four highly successful seasons with the Blues, Bowman and Fletcher were victims of a purge of knowledgeable hockey men in St. Louis as the owners discovered they had all the answers.

Bowman returned to Montreal as coach of the Canadiens. At first Fletcher was jobless, but NHL President Clarence Campbell assured him a major position would be available for him with the next expansion team. Seven months later he was hired by the Flames as their general manager. Fletcher obtained an air travel card and a copy of the official airline guide—and then practically disappeared for five months.

During these intensive scouting trips, Fletcher analyzed the results of the previous expansion drafts. "I studied the Buffalo and Vancouver rosters," he says, "and then decided that, like Buffalo, I'd try to draft the three or four best young

players available. At the same time, having been in St. Louis when the Blues won championships because of great goaltending by Glenn Hall and Jacques Plante, I knew I needed at least one top goaltender. After that I wanted to fill the rest of my roster with tough defensemen and some tight-checking forwards."

Fletcher concentrated first on Montreal, understandably. According to the rules, the Canadiens did not have to expose a goaltender in the expansion draft. However, Pollock had a surplus of excellent young goalies in Montreal, and he much preferred to lose one of them rather than a forward. Would Fletcher be interested in Myre, who faced a bleak future as Ken Dryden's backup goalie in Montreal? Fletcher drooled at the prospect of getting Myre for what amounted to a minor concession, and the deal was made. As part of the arrangement, Pollock also permitted Fletcher to purchase two of his minor league players, Ray Comeau and Noel Price, both of whom now play regularly for the Flames.

When Fletcher agreed to draft Myre from Montreal, he had no idea that the Bruins, who had lost young goaltenders Bernie Parent and Doug Favell to Philadelphia in the 1967 expansion, would leave Bouchard on the unprotected list. By all accounts Bouchard had been the best young goalie in the minor leagues that year. But Boston decided not to break up its Stanley Cup tandem of Gerry Cheevers and Ed Johnston and, in what Bruin officials now privately regard as "a terrible blunder," exposed Bouchard to the Flames, who promptly drafted him. Ironically, Cheevers jumped the Bruins and signed with the WHA two weeks later.

Myre, 25, and Bouchard, 22, played seasonally last year and kept the Flames in playoff contention until the last six weeks. "There was always terrible pressure on them because we did not score a lot of goals ourselves," Geoffrion says, "but they never did crack." So far this year Bouchard and Myre have combined to produce the fourth-best defensive record in the NHL. Bouchard has allowed only 21 goals in 11 games, while Myre has given up 27 in his eight starts.

By coincidence, they both grew up in the same Ville La Salle suburb on Montreal's South Side. "My sister Edith always had her eyes on you, do you remember her?" Bouchard asked Myre during lunch one day last week.

"No," said Myre.

"Sure you do," Bouchard insisted. "You used to keep her picture in your souvenir book."

Bouchard shook his head. "They don't like me in the neighborhood anymore. I committed the capital sin of marrying a girl who isn't French, and it didn't go over too good. Well, I can't worry about that."

While Myre is shy and silent, Bouchard is extremely outgoing and likes to dazzle people with the white patent-leather boots he seems to wear everywhere. He talks about building condominiums in Atlanta "because they're good tax shelters" and spends his spare time looking for antique furniture for the condominium he has just bought in suburban Marietta.

"My dad always told me I was born for the big bread," Bouchard said. "You got to believe it, too. When I was 14 I used to make \$70 a week delivering orders on my bike. I was tight with my pennies in those days. My dad told me, 'Be like that and you'll succeed.' I don't throw my money around."

Secure in goal with Myre and Bouchard, Fletcher has been able to gamble with untested kids in the Atlanta lineup. Last year there were five rookies playing regularly on the forward lines and three more taking steady shifts on defense. This year the best player on the Atlanta roster is still another rookie, the tall, strong and shifty Lysiak. Thanks are again due to Sam. Montreal owned the No. 2 selection in the amateur draft last spring, but Pollock thought Lysiak would sign with the WHA rather than the Canadiens, who usually send their rookies to Halifax for seasoning. Rather than lose Lysiak for the NHL, Pollock traded the No. 2 pick to Atlanta for "various concessions" and Fletcher immediately drafted and signed Lysiak to a multi-year contract.

Fletcher must be doing something right, even those newly severe critics in Atlanta admit that. The Flames outdraw the NBA Hawks by almost two to one, averaging nearly 14,000 spectators a game compared with 8,000 for Pistol Pete and Sweet Lou. And unlike the Hawks, who feed nightly giveaways and other gimmicks to lure customers to the Omni, the Flames do not give away anything. Except occasionally a goal. And, thanks to Myre and Bouchard, they don't give many of those.

END

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Once a year the sport of golf sneaks away to some exotic place and attempts to prove that all of the ills on the globe could be cured if more people hung around country club grillrooms. This ritual is known as the World Cup.

There are those who balk at calling the Cup an actual tournament because it sometimes has a lot more Rumanians and Chileans and Nigerians in it than it has Jack Nicklauses and Johnny Millers. But last week on the Costa del Sol of Spain it had as much glamour as it could ever have wished for and, considering the really peachy condition of things everywhere on the planet, maybe it did some good at that. Nobody encircled anybody else's army or passed along a case of cholera over a missed putt.

Early in the week Fred Corcoran and the rest of the committee members sat around the luxurious resort in Marbella on the Mediterranean, chatting with the titled and lorded and rejoicing in the fact that, by golly, even with all of the world's problems, every two-man team from just about every country had showed up except the Czechoslovakians, who could not obtain visas. Well, somebody said, the crowds might drop off a little with Jiri Dvorak and Jaromer Fuchs missing, but perhaps Nicklaus and Miller could take up the slack. The World Cup deserved to congratulate itself, everyone agreed. Look at it this way. Egypt was at war, but Mohamed Said Moussa came anyway, and even though his partner Ayman el Faransawi was occupied somewhere in the Sinai, he had scared up another, Abeduwahab Mahmood, who could shoot an 82 with the best of them. And how about Chile? Between coups Chile had managed to send over Francisco Cerdá, who shot a 68 one day, and Rafael Jerez. Hey, and what about Argentina? They've got a chick named Isabel Perón practically running things now, but old Roberto DeVicenzo and old Fidel DeLuca, a couple of fellows over 50, were proving that age makes no difference on the fairways. Cholera did not keep Italy's Roberto Bernardini and Alberto Croce away. The energy crisis did not keep Japan's Isao Aoki and Tohru Nakamura at home. Didn't Ireland pause between bombings and send over Eddie Pollard from the north and Jimmy Kinsella from the south? Even though

they knew they could not drive on Sunday through large chunks of Europe, Sweden's Jan Rosell and Bo Johansson came ahead. And, finally, it choked everyone up to think that Nicklaus and Miller lent their names to the event as independents, having, cynics joked, no government back home to represent.

So much for the worthwhileness of the World Cup. This is something one is always reminded of as the sponsors take it around annually to such venues as Rome, Paris, Buenos Aires, Singapore or wherever. As for the setting of Marbella and the club, Nueva Andalucía, it could not have been more dazzling, and the championship has rarely assumed so much instant class. There were all sorts of kings and future kings around, like Leopolds and Charleses, and there were itinerant princes with names like Alphonse and Ricky, but of course the Spanish were more interested in another type of royalty, like the American heavens, Miller and Nicklaus.

Gearing up for the two, the Spanish decided to run a tight ship, and they almost made it impossible for anyone to see the tournament. They came up with enormous plastic badges that people were obliged to drape around their necks, and the same enterprising officials insisted on fastening multicolored armbands on everyone in sight and tying ropes across every doorway. They then issued the following statement to the committee, helpers and media:

"Please be advised that the organization has decided to give to the collaborators through their respective distinctions free entrance to the course and various dependencies taking into account the proper limitations established in order not to disturb the tournament."

Naturally, confusion reigned. It did not help that the crowds, by World Cup standards, were fairly immense. At one point an outraged journalist went up to a Spanish official and said, "Do you know why El Greco painted an occasional landscape? Because he couldn't get indoors without an armband."

How a World Cup manages to run itself is often more fascinating than the golf. Typical was what happened before Sunday's final round began. When Corcoran, the tournament director, casually glanced at the 18th green he noticed that

continued

He's a year and an ocean away

Spain's Valentin Barrios has a future, as he showed in the World Cup, but it was Johnny Miller of the U.S. who put it all together



NICKLAUS GAVE BARRIOS THE WILLIES

the pin was practically in the frog hair. A quick investigation uncovered the fact that Spanish television had moved the cup from where it belonged because a pesky tree stood between the flag and their camera. The pin was replaced, after some discussion.

When there are competitors in the field like Dumitru Munteanu of Rumania, who opened with a cool 103, and Henrik Lund of Denmark, who whipped it around in 90, and Mohamed Salah Ziane of Libya, who fashioned a 92, a round can require up to 6½ hours. The Americans were ecstatic about that, as one might guess.

The result was that Nicklaus almost dictated his starting times. When Corcoran told him that he and Miller would be paired with the Spanish, last off, in the third round on Saturday Jack said, "Aw, that's too late." Whereupon Corcoran moved them up to the middle of the field, and did it again on Sunday even though the Americans were leading.

Nicklaus took sinister delight in this and other rules which were waived now and then for various conveniences. "What makes this tournament different," he laughed, "is that you keep your own score and then hand it to a pro who doesn't speak or read your language, and he's supposed to verify it."

One such individual added as much glamour to the field as even Jack Nicklaus. He was the Spanish hero, Valentin Barrios, a tall, strikingly handsome figure who looks something like a road company Fernando Lamas and huts the ball like a European Nicklaus. Golf in Spain is in a tremendous boom, with new courses springing up almost overnight, and Barrios is not slowing matters down. He became the European Order of Merit winner this season. He has won three tournaments and been second in four others. Adding to Barrios' image is his stylish dress. He will wear a suit, vest and tie in the evenings and he will leap up and do a flamenco at the drop of a fla-

mingo. He once played a minor role in a feature film, which helps, and he has been seen jumping into a bull ring and performing a nifty pass with the cape, which helps more.

Barrios started off nicely in the World Cup and was hanging in there after two rounds with a chance to win the individual trophy, something, he said, that would mean more to Spain than if he were to win the Masters.

"The Spanish understand something called the World. The Masters they don't know about. I know about the Masters, and I would swim there to play just once, but when you call something the World the Spanish people think it's more important," he said.

Alas, Barrios took himself out of contention on Saturday when his team was paired with the Americans. He was so nervous in the company of Nicklaus that for the first few holes he could not drive within 50 yards of the superstars. He eventually loosened up and played well

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again, hitting some of his rockets, but his moment had come and gone. He finished with a 75-73 in a tie for eighth, which was not so bad considering the quality of the field at the top.

"He's a fine player," said Nicklaus. "Give him about a year on our tour, and he'd be something special."

Barrios was asked what he made outside of prize money in Europe, such as clothing contracts and representing the Real Club Puerta de Hierro in Madrid, his home.

"Does one get money for such things?" he smiled. He represents the club for nothing because he grew up there caddying, and he would expect money only for competing or teaching.

Maybe he could get rich in America, he was told.

Refreshingly, Barrios said, "Ah, but I would not be in Spain, would I?"

While it was the chance to see Nicklaus lead the Americans to their 12th victory in the World Cup that attracted the large crowds to Nueva Andalucia, most of the good golf they saw played was by Miller. He explained that he was "really up" for the tournament because he did not want to go home and hear that the good old U.S.A. would have won if Nicklaus had not been teamed with "that dog, Miller." On Friday he threw a course record 65 into things and then had a 67 on Sunday. This, largely, was all that was required for the U.S. to beat out South Africa for the Cup by six strokes. Miller was low individual at 277, three strokes ahead of Gary Player. Lu Liang-Huan, the 1972 winner from Taiwan, was tied for third with Nicklaus at 281. Taiwan finished third in the team competition, with Argentina and Spain tied for fourth and Japan sixth.

The greens at Nueva Andalucia were soft and covered with cleat marks. Miller was able to resolve this by hitting most of his shots so close to the cup that he could not miss every putt. He wound up sort of "carrying" Nicklaus, who confessed that he played a somewhat lousy tournament.

"Having Jack for a partner is a heck of an edge," Miller said. "I was playing to impress my captain. Jack was there to handle it if we needed anything."

Barrios said it better than most about the Americans. "They give everybody much nerves."

END



On July 16, 1929 the Philadelphia Phillies and Pittsburgh Pirates played a game in which there was a home run hit in every inning.



A football game was played between Washington State College and San Jose State College in 1955 that was attended by only one paying customer in over 2000 years.



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The Pleasure Principle

The Harlem Globetrotters have been following it for 46 years before 75 million people in 89 countries and despite charges of Uncle Tomism are doing better than ever at the box office

by FRANK DEFORD

At some point the Harlem Globetrotters ceased being anything in particular. The question of whether they really were a basketball team became cloudy long ago and, mercifully, it has been years since they were forced upon us as Ambassadors of Goodwill. Nowadays the Globetrotters refer to themselves as "family entertainment," but that merely informs us that they perform in clothes. They are part show biz, part sporting event and part Jack Benny; they are too spontaneous and sprightly to be an institution, too organized and profitable to be an NBA. Years ago, of course, they became a legend in their own time.

Definition has always been an intramural problem. Abe Superstein, who owned the Globies until his death in 1966, wasn't satisfied that they brought him riches and fame. *continued*

Agoless Marques Haynes does his dribbling act on a parapet before the Eiffel Tower.

THE BOUNCING BALL





He yearned after both a New York Yankee respectability for his team and a Hollywood acceptance for himself. Now that the Globetrotters are a fancy corporation and more successful than ever, the management is hung up on the irrelevant matter of how good the team is—which is about as germane as wondering if Victor Borge could outplay Van Cliburn in straight piano. Moreover, while the Globes provided pride and opportunity for blacks for decades, they now labor in the shadow of Uncle Tom; they are paid, as ever, by white bosses—once immigrant Jewish, now old money country club—to make white audiences laugh.

While none of these contradictions may be easily resolved, there is one absolute in the equation, and that is children. Seeing the Harlem Globetrotters is part of growing up, and that is quite different from just being family entertainment. The Globes are something every father wants every child to see—for the child, and for memories of his own childhood, and in that way a Globetrotter game is perhaps a rite more than anything else.

Since changelessness is such a large part of the attraction, Marques Haynes holds a special position. He has recently returned to the organization, folding his own Fabulous Magicians in the deal, and the fathers are especially anxious to bring their children to meet him. It is some kind of communion for the father and the child to know that the father saw Marques dribble in a Globetrotter uniform 25 years ago, just as the child did this night. Marques has to encourage the fathers to speak up. "They want their children to be aware of this," he says, "but they're reluctant to say it right out for fear that the years will embarrass me."

Marques is now 46 or 51 or something or other; he played organized basketball when a center jump was still required after every basket. Marie Lanchan, Superstein's clever assistant, joined the organization before Marques, and perhaps only she understands the mystique as well as he does. "I think what it is with the Globetrotters is that the kids have to believe in something," she says, "and they don't believe in Santa Claus anymore. The Globetrotters give them the myth with reality. They win every game, so they are miracle men, which means the kids don't have to make a decision about them. And the kids know what's going

to happen in every game, they know the whole scenario. But you see, this doesn't disturb them. On the contrary, it makes the kids more a part of it."

It is rather astonishing how often the word "love" pops up in children's letters to the Globetrotters.

Wouldn't it be to some advantage if the Globes lost just occasionally now and then? No big slump, you understand, but isn't it just a wee bit piggy to run off 2,495 wins in a row?

"Why?" replies Meadowlark Lemon, dead serious. "Nobody likes a loser."

Yes, of course. But 2,495?

"Who likes a loser?"

It is difficult to argue with the dogmatic Globetrotter way of things. While there is a tendency to dismiss them as old hat, they are more successful, more popular than in all their 46 years. Superstein's estate sold the operation in 1967 for \$3,710,000, a startling price at the time but a bargain in hindsight. The buyers were three young Chicago businessmen—Potter Palmer, George Gillett and John O'Neil. For the Globes, they went public with Globetrotter Communications Inc. and diversified by adding such things as radio stations and sporting goods. In 1972 the corporation made a profit of \$1,800,000, of which \$875,000 was earned by the Globes.

The Globetrotters are involved in marketing some 35 products, and they pick up pin money by handling sales of their theme song, Brother Bones' rendition of *Sweet Georgia Brown*. They play before two million fans a year, at 91% of capacity. With Haynes' Magicians in mothballs, the Globetrotters have the whole field to themselves, except for a few vagabond station-wagon outfits that hustle games against local disc jockeys in high school gyms.

"Anyway, let's face it, the name—Harlem Globetrotters—is more important than any particular player out there," says Stan Greenon, the 44-year-old president of the club, who formerly managed such entertainers as Peter Nero and Soupy Sales. "What we do is totally unique. We're practically the only G-rated entertainment left in town. Even the circus has skimpy clad girls now."

Even the Globetrotters have skimpy clad girls now. Leastwise, the busy Spanish juggler who toured with the team this summer looked like a girl; certainly the players would come out of their locker

room early to see her. But there is a time for everything. In the 1940s, when the Globetrotters were the greatest team in the world, it was their clowning that distinguished them.

Iman Jackson, who died only a few months ago, first started the funny stuff, but it was the late Goose Tatum who was the premier showman when the team came to national prominence right after the war. Haynes left in 1953 and Tatum in 1955 to strike out against Superstein with their Fabulous Magicians, and there was an interregnum of three years before Meadowlark assumed the Clown Prince mantle.

Sam Wheeler, who has only the nubbs of three fingers, was first given a shot at the showman's role, and then Showboat Hall had his chance. As inconsistent as he is inspired, Showboat still works the second unit along with Hubie (Geese) Ausbie, but Lemon is unquestionably top banana. Meadowlark makes about \$85,000 a year, and when the two units consolidate for the summer tour Lemon is assigned the pivot as showman for three quarters, Ausbie for one.

At 35, Geese is five years Lemon's junior, and he is a much more spontaneous comedian, though hampered by the fact that he has uncommonly small hands for a man 6'5". Meadowlark, though, is at the height of his comic powers, and even Haynes rates him nearly on a par with Goose Tatum. Lemon's accomplishment is founded in his organization. Goose was naturally Goose, as Geese is Geese, but Meadowlark is a contrived character.

Lemon was frankly ambitious to succeed Tatum. He practiced ball handling in hotel rooms, laid awake thinking up new routines—"reems" in Globetrotter argot—and even practiced mugging in front of mirrors. Then he coordinated the whole show around him. The more one sees it, the more it is appreciated not so much as a comic exposition but as a precision drill.

Like many clowns, Lemon is not personally funny, although he gives the distinct impression that he is purposely casting himself as more serious than he really is off the court. He is only 6'2"—people expect him to be 6'8"—and he does not possess a rubber face, merely a mournful one with deep ey. But he is a consummate professional, utterly devoted to his craft.

"Meadow'll have a splitting head-

ache," says teammate Nate Branch. "He won't let Doc near him with an aspirin, but he hears that announcer say, 'Globetrotters!' and he pulls his head up and goes two hours as if nothing is bothering him."

The team's appreciation of Lemon is, however, circumscribed by his temperament; what he calls a drive for perfection teammates see as jealousy and self-

doubt. "The man must know he is a great comedian," one says, "so maybe he is just insecure as a player. He'll scream at you not to shoot just as you release the ball, and if you hit a couple in a row he'll really get on you. None of this has anything to do with the show, either, just with Meadow's ego. Oh, well, they say Goose was the same damn way."

Lemon jumped both Wilt Chamber-

lain and Connie Hawkins when they were with the team, presumably for upstaging him, and while Chamberlain makes no big deal of the incident—in fact, he calls his year with the Globies "the happiest of my life"—Hawkins was a merciless critic of Lemon in his biography, *Foul*. Lemon is more generous in return. "Connie Hawkins is the only big man I ever saw who could fit in with us as if he were a six-footer," he volunteers, adding: "He could have been the greatest player alive, but he never put out, not here, not in the league." In fact, Lemon maintains that their celebrated locker-room skirmish in Czechoslovakia came about simply because Hawkins was "shagging" (gooling off) and Lemon told him to hustle.

"We're only playing for pride out there," Meadow says. "We got no pennant to push us. Some of the fellows don't understand either that this is a family-type entertainment. *We're playing to please*. I'll say, 'Why did you shoot?' They'll say, 'I was open,' and they don't understand that it may be no good for the show even if they make it."

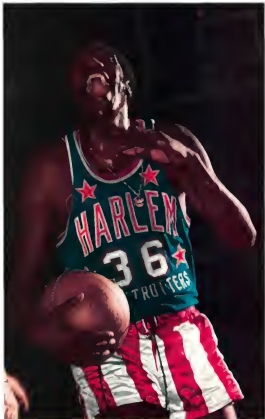
Lemon's predecessor, Tatum, may have been even more complex. An itinerant preacher's son, Goose hated travel and liked to be alone. "I been around too much," he declared once, closing the subject. Several years after he left the Globies he had to serve time for tax evasion and died penniless in 1967 at the age of 45.

Saperstein, Tatum's mentor and nemesis alike, had died the year before. For much of his life, Saperstein was painted not only as the Ambassador of Goodwill but also as a stodgy, road-show Abe Lincoln. In retrospect, it is apparent that Saperstein took a great deal more from blacks than he gave. Certainly, he took all the credit; he wallowed in publicity. "It was a dictator thing with him," Haynes says.

With little opportunity elsewhere, the players were forced to endure the Saperstein system. "We were just happy to be playing ball," says Sweetwater Clifton, who now drives a cab in Chicago. "I don't know, I guess they'd call that Tomming today." The players were poorly paid; Haynes never made more than \$13,800, and he doubts if Tatum did better. It was a buyer's market, and Saperstein worked to keep it that way by threatening to boycott NBA arenas if the league broke the color line. His

continued

PHOTOGRAPH BY HEINZ KESTERHAR



Meadowlark Lemon yaks it up during his celebrated ball-on-a-plastic-room, or routine.



Geese Auble, the team's second banana, takes a gander at a Playboy Bunny in Paris.

pressure helped hold off integration until 1950, when the Boston Celtics drafted Chuck Cooper. "Of Abe sure pitched a bitch when he heard about that," says a former Globie. "He knew then that he could no longer be the great white father."

Still, Saperstein continued to represent such authority that, according to Globetrotter Bobby Joe Mason, even in the 1960s no player would dare shoot a jumper when Abe was at a game. Abe was an oldtime set-shot ace who viewed the jump shot as a defilement of the sport, and he might fire anyone who tried one. Moreover, he had paid informants on the team who would disclose player secrets to him. In their paranoia some Globies fear that this sinister procedure is still in effect.

Saperstein also kept his players on tenterhooks by forcing some veterans to try out for the team from scratch every fall. Some of the shrewd Globetrotters managed to beat the boss at his own game, however. One would call him up nearly every off-season, put on his best field-nigger accent and moan into the phone:

"Skip [Saperstein greatly fancied being called Skip], Skip, you got to help me out with \$500. The white mens down heah gwanna sho muff put me in jail

lessen you send me \$500 right prompt."

Abe would chuckle at the player's plight, wire the money and then notify the coach to make sure that the fellow made the team again—so he could get the \$500 back out of his salary.

Curiously, while he was so penurious with his players, Saperstein was frequently scatterbrained when it came to money. He is supposed to have once left a paper bag containing \$40,000 in gate receipts in a restaurant and while that tale may be apocryphal, Saperstein ran the operation so haphazardly that few people had a clear idea of its true value when he died. But he was a scrupulously honest man, and tremendously loyal. In many cities he stuck with bad promoters who were old friends, and to this day arena officials snicker that the Globies still give local promoters too big a cut and waste money on needless advertising and promotional expenditures.

Saperstein was never much celebrated in his hometown, Chicago, and yearned for the day when the NBA moved to California; it was his understanding that he would be granted the Los Angeles (read Hollywood) franchise as tribute for his years of devotion to the league; the Globies often performed on the same bill with struggling NBA teams to swell the gate. When Bob Short was permitted to

shift the Minneapolis Lakers to L.A., Abe was shattered by what he regarded as a double cross. In return, he literally refused to utter a word to some of his dearest NBA friends, and in retaliation he went out and invented the American Basketball League. Unfortunately, it lasted but one and a half seasons; not even the Harlem Globetrotters could play on enough twin bills to save the likes of the Pittsburgh Rens and the Hawaii Chiefs.

Perhaps because of that bitter experience, Saperstein's heart appeared to go out of basketball in his last years. Bob Ashley, whose clever table-tennis exhibitions were featured on the Globie show bill for two years, recalls: "Abe wanted somebody else to take care of the Globetrotters. The other acts became his real babies." At one time or other, Cab Callaway, Peg Leg Bates, Tony Lavelli and Althen Gibson (vs. Karol Fageros) appeared with the team, but near the end Saperstein got a Sol Hurok complex and stifled his own shows with Culture. Though he was only 5'3" and roly-poly, Abe was a great womanizer, and at the height of his Hurok phase he brought over a Czechoslovakian dance troupe, 30 or 40 strong, because he was chasing one of the ballerinas.

Saperstein's enchantment with show biz did not materially affect the players, though, at least not their wallets. For that matter, nothing much changed for them even after his death, so in 1971 they went on strike. To the public, it was as if Santa Claus' elves had gone out. The strike lasted about three weeks, but the players finally settled, in large part because Lemon sided with management and was, near the end, out recruiting for a replacement team.

Potter Palmer says he was "personally hurt" by the strike and blames much of it on a communications gap, but surely, after four years of ownership, he must have been aware of the residual Saperstein inequities. Larry Lindberg, a film director who traveled with the team for a month shortly before the strike, felt obliged to buy meals for the players because many of them did not have enough money to eat. "It was hard to expect people to be funny for a camera when they were hungry," he says.

The strike was complicated emotionally, too, because for the first time the charge was being circulated that the Globetrotters were Uncle Toms. Haynes

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GLOBIES *continued*

swears that he was in the business for a quarter of a century before that possibility was even hinted to him (by Arthur Ashe, the tennis player), but David Wolf's biography of Connie Hawkins and a front-page story in *The Wall Street Journal* gave the notion widespread currency. No black organization has ever taken the Globetrotters to task, however, and many black celebrities—notably Bill Cosby, who has a dollar-a-year contract with the team—clearly endorse what the Globetrotters stand for by playing in their games.

Predictably, the players do not feel they are degrading their race, and most of them say the matter never comes up anymore, anyway. John Smith, a quiet junior high school teacher whose father is chairman of the Arizona Civil Rights Commission, says simply, "How can you Uncle Tom when you're making money?" Lemon argues, "Look, if I'm Tomming by making people laugh, then all comedians, white or black, are Uncle Toms."

The stereotype character that both Lemon and Ausbie (and Tatum before them) feature does not appear racial but effeminate: falsetto voice, mancing steps, a lot of goosing and tickling. If anybody has a right to be offended, it is a mem-

ber of the Gay Liberation Front. Besides, it is the whites in the show who are cast as buffoons, though black critics, among them Lacy J. Banks, a Chicago columnist, suggest that this "implausible" situation is a "sedative" employed to placate blacks who are "taking a beating in housing, employment, health and education. . . ."

Obviously, the solution to the dilemma is to integrate the Harlem Globetrotters. This may sound mad on the face of it, like working donkeys in with Lipizzans, but it wouldn't be unprecedented. In recent years the Globes considered signing two whites—Rick Barry and Pete Maravich—and three whites have actually appeared in the Globetrotter lineup: Superstein himself; a free-throw shooting specialist named Bunny Levitt; and Bob Karstens, a big pivot man who starred for about 18 months in 1942-43.

The first modern white Globie will be, one fervently hopes, a credit to his race; he will surely get a lot of ink. The Globetrotters (in Superstein's day, anyway) have always been in the news, making headlines whenever they land in an exotic new country. Unfortunately for them, now that a man has hit a golf ball on the moon and the World Hockey As-

sociation has put a franchise in Winnipeg, wirephoto headquarters no longer go on standby alert just because the Ambassadors of Goodwill have touched down in Luxembourg.

But for old times' sake, here is a compendium to boggle your mind: the Globetrotters have gone completely around the globe on three occasions and have traveled more than six million miles. They have played before 75 million people who, if stacked end to end, would stretch from Waycross, Ga. to Mars and back to Provo, Utah. Once, in Berlin, the Globies performed before the largest basketball crowd ever—75,000—which is many more folks than live in Bangor, Maine, not to mention the whole Standard Metropolitan Area of Laredo, Texas. The Harlem Globetrotters have played in 89 countries (for a complete list, send 25¢ for handling and a large, self-addressed envelope to . . .). The last country they graced was New Caledonia, and they are running low on nations, which is why the management is a little ticked off with President Nixon because he didn't send the Globies to Red China instead of two musk oxen. The team has had five pupal audiences, tying a record presumably held by George Jessel. The Globetrotters also have met the late, great Nikita Khrushchev and the Duke of Edinburgh. They have played in bull-rings, fish markets, airplane hangars and in the bottom of a drained swimming pool. They have performed in 100° heat and at 22 below. They have played in 1,341 different U.S. towns and cities. In 1969 they even got around to playing a game in Harlem.

Nowadays the Globetrotter travel style has all the romance of a drive on the New Jersey Turnpike. Everything is always the same: the teams, the scores, the buses, the airplanes, the opponents, the cassette tapes. Globetrot? Hardly. Instead, like Japanese tourists, they appear to be shipped.

In the States, where the Globies play an unrelenting schedule of one-nighters from October to April (four days off at Christmas), the team travels almost exclusively in a special bus. Most of the seats have been removed so that the players have leg room, and there are a refrigerator, toilet and card table aboard. The bus never stops between game sites. For amusement, the Globetrotters engage in endless games of bid whist, which they play in set pairs. Lemon carries a log-

continued

The team's trademark is the warmup drill performed to the strains of "Sweet Georgia Brown."

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GLOBIES

book that is periodically updated to show complete bid-whirl standings, wins, losses and games behind. This is the real competition in their lives.

The International Unit, the one led by Ausber and Showboat Hull, often goes abroad in the winter, and every spring a combined unit plays Europe for a couple of months. The routine is so well orchestrated that one evening this past June between games of a doubleheader in Naples the players complained because the caterers had supplied them with a dinner consisting of half a chicken and fresh fruit instead of their customary complete hot meal. By now, this is considered roughing it.

Since the strike, the minimum salary has nearly doubled to \$13,000, and the average is \$29,000. The players make double pay for doubleheaders and hard courts. They stay in private rooms in first-class hotels. By contrast, the opposition team, which travels in a VW bus and station wagon, must double up in hotels and make only what the Globies call "teacher's salary"—\$7,000 to \$10,000.

The Opposition is variously disguised as the Washington Generals (everybody's favorite), New York Nationals, Jersey Reds, Boston Shamrocks (but never in London), Atlantic City Gulls or Chicago Demons, but the Globies refer to them simply as the Opposition.

In Europe everybody travels together, a spectacular Babel of about 35 persons, including Globies, Opposition, an ever-changing group of other acts that make up the full bill, various wives and children and sundry support troops. The Globetrotters always sit in the front of the bus, Lemon in the seat directly behind the driver. Farther back last summer were Rinaldo and Mamo, the announcers; Bob Ashley and Darryl F. Hann, the table-tennis pros; The Great Leonardo, a little guy who spins plates; Vito Vento, a sword balancer who looks like Count Dracula; and his wife Carol, a Philadelphia girl; the Kallars, an Italian family of tumblers; Tró Búrge, a Spanish family of jugglers; Ron Sigismund, the trainer; Joe Celentano, a retired chief petty officer, who is the referee; J. C. Gipsy, a retired Globie who is the prop man; and Tom Brennan, a retired member of the Opposition who is in charge of the tour.

There were cameras strapped about their necks and gaily colored shopping

bags full of presents too home hut, unlike other tourists, the Globies have seen it all before. They are not searching out the unique, but falling back on the familiar. "Hey, B.J.," Jerry Venable called to Mason and his wife Joy as soon as the players, preregistered, picked up their keys at their hotel in Naples. "You gonna eat up on the hill or down in the alley?" That was the only decision to be made at which of the two Globetrotter-certified restaurants to eat. And at Umberto, down in the alley, the players greeted old friends on the staff and began ordering precisely the same dishes they dined on a year ago.

"Traveling is altogether different now," says Brennan, who has been with the Globies since he got out of Villanova 20 years ago. Efficient and imperturbable, he once managed to take the Globetrotters and the Opposition from Innsbruck, Austria to Athens, Greece without a single member of the group having a ticket or a passport in his possession. "You used to be able to hulk your way through," Brennan says. "but now everybody is traveling and you have to sweettalk to get anything done."

"We were much closer knit, a family, in the days of Abe," Lemon says, but it is still a tight unit. "If someone is missing, you can feel his absence," Venable says. A Globetrotter must be, as Lemon says he is by now, "programmed to travel," for whereas many pro athletes complain about a 17-day road trip to the Coast, the Globies may be away almost nine months running.

Three days after he got married, Nate Branch left for Chicago and a tryout with the team, he did not see his bride for another six months. "It never gets any easier," he says. "The last time I left home, my little boy grabbed me at the airport, and said, 'Don't go, Daddy.' You know what that does to you? My mother said I better leave right away. I heard him crying and calling to me all the way to the gate, but I couldn't look back once or I never could have left."

Marriage is stretched taut. "It's rougher on the wives than on us," Theodis Lee admits, the Globetrotters, after all, have themselves. Proximity is such an occupational circumstance that, as on submerines, a man's personality counts heavily in whether or not he will make the team. But the Globies and the Opposition get along with each other remarkably well, they direct antagonisms away

continued

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GLOBIES

onboard

from the group toward the world passing swiftly by them.

The Globetrotters hold no brief for anything outside America. They are not so much the Ambassadors of Goodwill now as they are Neo-America Firsters. They talk incessantly about how well America works, and regularly the suggestion is heard that people who dare complain about the States should be sentenced to spend time away. They do not sound a whole lot different from prisoners of war. Some Globetrotters have gotten down and kissed the ground upon arriving back in the good ol' U.S. of A.

To try to sample a taste of home in Naples, Nate Branch and Bob Ashley, a U.S. probable tennis champion, hired a cab and headed out to the American-dominated NATO base. Branch is the shrewdest and friendliest of the Globies. He owns a nightclub, Trotters Inn, in Los Altos, Calif. and has formed an act with Meadowlark named Lemonbranch; Meadow sings, Nate plays the organ. While Branch may be a natural extrovert, any Globetrotter has an edge over most other traveling Americans. That is because of the soul-brother network, strange blacks will help each other much more readily than will strange whites. At the base, Branch checked the gate to see if a black was on guard.

Actually, Globetrotters rarely use the word "black." Members of their race are "rocks," whites are "you-alls." A rock was posted at the gate. "We're O.K., Bob," Branch assured Ashley. He flipped the rock his team ID card, mumbled some blarney about a colonel "whose name started with C or K" who had in-

vited them to the base, and he and Ashley were through the gate. The guard assigned an airman first class to escort the visitors to the enlisted men's club.

The A-1C was a you-all and just out of high school in Nebraska, where Branch had played college ball. They talked about Omaha and Lincoln. The kid wanted to know everything about home. Branch and Ashley had a ham-

burger and a beer, then a cheeseburger and a beer. The kid talked about how much he hated Naples, how much he wanted to get back to the States. All around him, like zombies, servicemen played slot machines, killing time, expressionless even when they hit a jackpot. Branch watched the scene sadly and with pity. "I can't feel so sorry for myself being away when I see this," he said. The A-1C asked what Ontario, Calif. was like, as his parents had just moved out there from Nebraska. Ashley, who is from Los Angeles, told him as much as he could. "I'd sure love to see Ontario, California," the kid said.

With that, Branch sprang up and strode to the bar. There must have

been about 40 enlisted men in the place. He told the bartender to buy everyone in the house a drink on him.

The kind of institutional traveling the Globies do can be insulating. "The longer they stay on the road, the better they think they are," one heretical member of the front office admits. By and large, the organization fervently believes that the Globetrotters are still world-beaters.

John Smith, a smooth 6'8" second-year man, is generally conceded to be the best pure player on the team. He was cut



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GLOBIES

by weak clubs in the NBA and ABA, yet Phil Brownstein, the team scout, declares unequivocally that the Globies could beat every club in the pros except for the Lakers, when they had Chamberlain, and the Bucks, with Abdul-Jabbar. President Greeson and several of the players are only slightly more reserved in their estimation of the team's ability.

Although it is comedy and not quality that packs the houses, management boasts that it never looks for potential entertainers, but seeks out the best players (with big hands). Anyway, whatever it is that perpetuates this policy of delusion, the Globetrotters remain invincible in Globetrotterland.

"We're not good enough to beat them one time out of 10 even if we played them straight basketball," says Jimmy Hebron, the little Opposition playmaker from Wilmington (N.C.) College. The principal concern is that the Globies will win too easily. "They lay down on us, it doesn't look as good," Meadowlark Lemon says. The ideal working spread

is considered to be about 10 or 15 points.

Most of the Opposition were run-of-the-mill small-college heroes recruited by word of mouth. In their station and outlook, they most resemble stewardesses. They are single, only recently out of college, perform a necessary simple service and like the idea of traveling for a while and meeting people. Although nearly all of the Opposition are you-alls, race seems less of a differential between them and the Globetrotters than age.

There are a few exceptions. Sam Sawyer, a rock from Atlantic City, has been guarding Meadowlark for so long that he has been put on the Globetrotter payroll. Jim Boyle, who headed the New York Nationals in Europe last summer, has been losing for six full years, or since he graduated from Temple. And Red Klotz, who owns one Opposition franchise, is going on 52 and still playing. Klotz averaged 14 points in 11 games with the Baltimore Bulkers in the year of our Lord 1948 and since then has lost so regularly to the Globies that some peo-

ple believe he is a running character. A man came up to him not long ago and asked, "Are you the original Red Klotz?"

Actually, Klotz takes his job seriously, ranting and raving at his team during halftimes. After all, the Opposition is not supposed to try to lose. However, since it must stand still for so many show baskets—upwards of 20 a game—there is, as Jim Boyle wryly noted, "only a random chance" that the Opposition can possibly win. It last happened on Jan. 5, 1971 in Martin, Tenn.

The Opposition is made to feel part of the show, though. Smith, the Globie second-year man, says opponents as well as teammates would chastise him if he shot at the wrong time. "Nobody on the Globetrotters is ever condescending to us," says Denny Walsh, who played at Providence and is probably the best Opposition player. "They accept us for what our job is."

It does not take long to learn to play against the Globies. They have three pro-

continued

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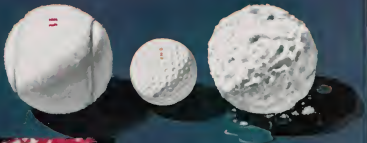


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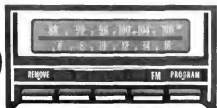
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GLOBIES

sitions. The Showman—Meadow or Geese—is in the hole. He plays with his back to the basket, and so to guard him you stay behind him and wave your arms a lot. The second position is cornerman—now a generic term in all basket ball for forward but originally Globie terminology for their rebounder-dunker. The prototypes are Jumpin' Jackie Jackson (Jack-Jack) who, it is said, could pick a quarter off the top of a backboard and give you change, and Theodis Lee (Wolfman or Louisiana Red), who played at Houston with Elvin Hayes. You guard the cornerman by getting tangle-footed and staying clear as he cuts cleverly past for the slam dunk. Finally, there are the three floormen, or running men, who play out front on the team's three-man weave. You guard a floorman on the weave by keeping up with the flow but staying just behind your man. The hardest thing of all to do, the Opposition agrees, is to guard old Marques Haynes in his dribbling routine.

It is somehow most appropriate that Haynes has returned to play with the Globies. While Meadowlark is the star, the precise little gentleman with the trim little mustache is the spirit of the enterprise. "A great man," Branch calls him, and is done with it. Geese is dead and Inman Jackson is dead. Ahe is dead and Sweetwater is pushing a hack, but Marques is back and dribbling, the same thing he has been doing since "the early '40s," the only solid hint he ever provides to measure his timelessness.

Curly Neal, the popular shaven-head, had become the big dribbling star in Marques' absence, but, Lemon says, "Marques is the best, as old as he is, the best in the business." Neal performs a 17-second routine, carefully choreographed, every game. After 30 years Marques still ad libs every night. Once, in his prime, he dribbled a whole quarter away in Chihuahua, Mexico.

For a long time there was only one Marques in all the world, but now there are several because many of his associates have named their sons after him. Divorced, he has two daughters, one just married, the other a pretty 11-year-old named Marquetta who traveled with him last summer. Haynes still keeps a house down near his old hometown, Sand Springs, Okla., as well as an apartment in Manhattan, where he owns a new fashion house, Bella Ltd., the first major black-owned firm on Seventh Avenue.

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GLOBIES

His life savings are in Bella. "I put in 30 years into this, sink or swim"—and the first line came out this fall.

Haynes is a remarkably even man, and certainly no humorist, although his business is making people laugh. The years of one-nighters seem to have made his life a gently flowing river rather than the jumped rapids that experience usually imposes. He adapts so easily. Here he is, talking about the great old Globetrotter teams playing and beating the College All-Stars year in and year out in the '50s. "And these were all great players. Paul Arizin out of Villanova, Mark Workman out of West Virginia, Kevin O'Shea out of Notre Dame." Moments later he is talking of Bella. "And we're in all the finest stores. Strawbridge & Clothier out of Philadelphia, J. L. Hudson out of Detroit, G. L. Fox out of Hartford."

Marques moves out of the locker room now. The Kallies, on the floor, are getting into their act. Ashley and Flann come off, breathing hard from another close Ping-Pong game; they keep them close. Haynes greets them. "Hello, Bob. Hello, Darryl." He is an inveterate greeter, but while he may greet the same person dozens of times a day, he makes each encounter sound special. Bob nods and smiles back. Darryl says, "Hello, Mr. Haynes."

In the locker room there is a cackle from Geese, the first-place bid-whist team of Aushie and Lemon has won another. In the hall, Leonardo is practicing his hat-twirling routine. Vito Veneto and Nate Branch bounce a basketball back and forth. Two of the Opposition squat up against the wall, pouring over paperbacks. Marquette Haynes and Joy Mason chat. Joe Celentano, the referee, pushes the baby of the promoter around in a stroller, cooing to it while he smokes a cigarette.

Marques wanders through the diverse scene, nodding and saying hello. "Hello, jugglers," he says to the Trio Barco, and they stop warming up to respond in a patois of Spanish and English. Haynes asks the girl in the trio if her upset stomach is better, and she assures him it is. "I'll tell you what," he says. "Take a shot of blackberry brandy, two shots if you're a drinker." He winks, she smiles. "I have Haynes remedies without medicine for everything," he explains, going back the other way, he says hello to Joe Celentano, Larry Sample and Jim Boyle of the Opposition, and Luigi, the truck

continued

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GLOBIES

CONRAD

driver. "Hello, Joe, hey, there, Larry, hey, Jim, hi, Luigi." Meadow and Giese are calling him and his partner, Wolfman, for a quick hand of bid whist before they have to go on. . .

"... *il magnifico, il fabiano, il stupendo*." Harlem Globetrotters!!!!

Dribbling, Marques leads them out in those gloriously cluttered uniforms: red, white and blue and yellow, stars all over, horizontal stripes and vertical stripes, letters and numbers—everything but STP stickers. The search for laughs begins with the introduction and the *Secret George Brown* circle and will last clear until Meadowlark takes his half-court hook shot and then hustles into the pivot to work off the last weave, finally scrambling onto the cornerman's shoulders for the dunk at the buzzer.

Each game, or show, is almost a duplication of every other, and the fans are so conditioned by now that even their reaction hardly wanes. The early minutes of each quarter are reserved by tradition to pretty straight basketball. The reems do not begin until there are about six minutes left in a period. If there is no score-board clock, as is often the case in Europe, Tom Brennan, at the scorer's table, lets the Globies know how much time is remaining with cues based on playing cards. "A trey," shouted by Brennan means, for example, that three minutes are left.

The Globies need few signals. A few specific reems have titles: Connie C, Clean-Up, Raise 'em Up and the like. Mostly, however, it is just vernacular exhortations. "Let's sell something" means it is time to be funny. "You're on your own" comes from Brennan and means that the clock has run out, so it is time to work into the reem always used to end that quarter. "Let's get outta here" from Lemon indicates the same thing.

He makes his bizarre stiff-armed hook shot from half-court a remarkably high percentage of the time learning, by the by, a \$100 bonus every time he does), and when he clicks there is a sudden sense of urgency on the floor because the feat drives a crowd berserk—it is obvious that most fans think he makes it every night, just as The Great Leonardo gets all his plates spinning every night—and then all the Globies are shouting, "Let's get outta here," so they can get the final dunk in while the fans are still up and screaming from the hook shot.

Oh, that is electric. It is like seeing

continued



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GLOBIES (continued)

Marlene Dietrich singing *Falling In Love Again*. Then, right afterward, in conclusion, the Globetrotters walk around the court, their arms held high above their heads, responding to the cheers like emperors.

New pieces of business are added all the time—Aurbie is trying out a boxing room now—but few stay the course. The familiar routines are too popular. *Pair of Treys*, you got a pair of treys. The trick shots always draw surprisingly good reactions, too, and while it is something of a letdown if Meadowlark misses his last-minute hook, and he will give it one more try if he fails the first time—he manages to hit enough of them to keep it as the climax of the whole show, *Pair of Aces*, you got a pair of aces left. The Globies swear that Lemon has an uncanny ability to hit the shot when they need it the most, on a night when little else has gone well. Lemon has almost total recall of his hook-shot results. He might say, for instance, "I've never missed before in Verona," or "I haven't hit one in Evansville in six years." *Deuce-and-a-half*. Sell something.

The best run he ever had was 8 for 15, but last summer in Italy he hit back to back, and although his first try bounced off the rim at the next game, he banked his second shot in—three games in a row. *You got an ace. An ace*. The next night Lemon was going for four games straight, something he had never done before, so when he set at half-court and got the ball from Geese even the Globies on the bench stopped debating about whether the good-looking, dark-complexioned girl in the balcony was a rock or a gypsy. *You're on your own now. You're on your own*.

Meadowlark let it fly. It hit the backboard and zipped right through "Bingo!" Geese cried, and the house came to its feet, roaring. Even the Globies had to shake their heads, four out of five, four games in a row. *Get out of it now, get out of it*. The people kept on cheering as the Opposition went down, made an unmolested basket and Geese brought the ball back up the floor. Meadowlark scurried up onto Willie's shoulders. The people were calling, cheering, stamping. *Let's get outta here, let's get outta here*. Meadowlark took the pass from Geese and slammed it through the cords. The Globies had victory number 11,139 lifetime, against 323 losses.

Well, nobody likes a loser.

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A roundup of the week: Nov. 19-25

430

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS

Sir:

William Johnson's article on Joe Paterno (*Not So on Graham's Joe*, Nov. 19) was excellent and portrayed the high moral principles of the man. The respect that the students and faculty of Penn State have for Paterno was well demonstrated at last June's graduation exercises when some 18,000 students, parents and guests sat in a drenching rain at Beaver Stadium to listen to his commencement address. Coaches like Joe and Alabama's Bear Bryant keep college football in a favorable light in spite of the "many recurring violations and dirty tricks going on in college football now."

GEORGE J. SIKKO

Yonkers, N.Y.

Sir:

Although I have always been anything but a Penn State fan, I have become quite a Joe Paterno fan as a result of William Johnson's fine article. I had already been somewhat impressed by what I had read of Paterno's commencement address last spring. However, his coaching philosophies coupled with his honesty and candor have won me over.

I think that the NCAA and everyone concerned with the future course of college athletics would be very wise to closely consider what Paterno has to say about recruiting violations. This is a problem that seriously threatens the basic concept of college athletics, and it must not continue to go unchecked.

JOE WADE DORNER

Forsyth, Ga.

Sir:

Joe Paterno need not apologize for being a football coach with political ambitions. Not only is he a tremendous individual, he happens to be more candid and in better focus than just about any politician I can remember in the 34 years I have been voting in Pennsylvania.

ERNEST F. MARSHALL

West Chester, Pa.

Sir:

My congratulations for bringing to public attention the values of a man who is certainly a credit to the world of sports—Joe Paterno. Too many words are wasted on the flashy athlete who has little behind his talent besides a big ego.

But your article left me with one regret. There should be two Joe Paternos, one for the playing field and one for the field of politics. In this era of shady dealings, I can't decide where he is at these moments.

PAUL MURPHY

Birmingham, Mich.

Sir:

Many thanks for your article about Joe Paterno. We who live around Penn State like him, too. Perhaps, though, we could straighten out Mr. Johnson (and many others) about where Coach Paterno and the rest of us are. University Park, Pa. is the campus, with its own post office. State College, Pa. is not "former," it is present and very much alive. University Park may be a "sophisticated campus of 27,000 students," but many of those 27,000 are eligible to vote in State College. They may patronize one of our seven movie theaters, attend one of more than 25 churches, eat at one of 50 or so restaurants and mingle with the more than 81,000 nonstudent inhabitants of "barely inhabited" Centre County. Incidentally, for Mr. Johnson's "desecration," could we perhaps substitute "verdant wilderness"? And as for inaccessibility, well, he is right. Several of our fellow citizens regularly fight the state's department of transportation to keep it that way.

SH. CHAMBERLAIN

State College, Pa.

NOMINATIONS

Sir:

My choice for Sportsman of the Year? Coach Joe Paterno, of course.

FRANK VAILERO

Norfolk, Va.

Sir:

I do not see how it could be anyone other than Henry Aaron of the Atlanta Braves. Playing under more pressure than anyone else in baseball this year, he has kept his cool as well as anyone could. By answering the same questions day in and day out and by surviving all the hate mail, he has shown what a true sportsman he is. His athletic ability is undoubted. Forty home runs at the age of 39 is a feat in itself. Aaron did not swing for the fence on every pitch, however. He showed his team effort with 96 RBIs and a .301 batting average.

JOHN WILLINGHAM

Columbus, Ga.

Sir:

I believe you gave your Sportsman of the Year award for qualities of humility, courage, sportsmanship and skill. There is a man at the top of his profession in skill, possibly the greatest ever. He has shown compassion and humility too many times to count. His courage and intelligence need no documentation. So this year your Sportsman must be the Flying Scot, Jackie Stewart. Motor sport will suffer for his loss. The world will gain for his life, intelligence and wit.

MARK AITON

San Jose, Calif.

Sir:

I nominate UCLA's Bill Walton, who has dominated college basketball as no other person has ever dominated a major sport amateur or professional in the U.S.

KEN PIZZOLLO

Vallejo, Calif.

Sir:

I trust SI is not so bound by precedent that it will be unable to honor one who made all of our hearts beat faster. Who else but Secretariat?

WILLIAM T. BENJAMIN

Falls Church, Va.

BEAR BAIT

Sir:

The night before my copy of SI arrived with Mark Mulvey's story on Boston's two-man team (*Double Jeopardy for the Bruins*, Nov. 19) Boston beat Montreal 4-3, with four different players scoring. The next night Boston beat the Rangers 10-2, with every one scoring. Write me another two-man team story, Mulvey—but try another team.

RONN BRAY

New Haven/Conn.

Sir:

Mark Mulvey had better have his eyes checked. In his usual effort to minimize the Bruins' talent, he has overlooked the support given Phil Esposito and Bobby Orr. Demonstrating a Stanley Cup style of play, Cushman, Hodge, Smith, Sheppard, Marcotte, Gilbert, Savard, Vadnais, Desai, et al. bled by the hapless Rangers as if they were reading SI. I think Mr. Mulvey's ability to objectively evaluate the Bruins is "trull and void."

MICHAEL J. BRENNAN JR.

Newport, R.I.

Sir:

How can Mark Mulvey state that the Bruins are a two-man team? As of Nov. 19 the top three scorers in the NHL were Bruins. Granted, Phil Esposito and Bobby Orr were 1 and 2, but Ken Hodge was third and Wayne Cushman was fifth. Even Mulvey has to admit that four out of five aren't bad.

JIM CLINGER

Warren, Pa.

Sir:

Many Brian fans are going to berate Mark Mulvey for calling their fair-weather team a "two-man" show. Having watched the Bruins closely for years, I for one agree wholeheartedly with Mr. Mulvey. In fact, I'll go a step farther. The Boston Bruins without Bobby Orr are a lot like the Cal-

continued

"I would hesitate to sell any friend a car that I've used . . . except this car." Bill Ross, D.O.



Dr. William Ross, an osteopathic physician and surgeon from Plymouth, Michigan, talks about his experience as a Cadillac owner.

"As a doctor, it's important that I have a car that can take me anywhere . . . over country roads through rain, ice or snow . . . I also like a car to be very comfortable and sporty, too.

"After test-driving several other luxury cars, I chose a Cadillac Eldorado. In the two years I owned that car, it never failed me . . . I never had trouble.

"Finally, when I sold my Eldorado it was to some friends of mine. I still see these people frequently and know that they're as

much in love with the car as I was.

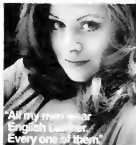
"I'm now driving an Eldorado Coupe and it's magnificent. I especially like the car's front-wheel drive and its design . . . Certainly, it's a status car . . . and I think for any professional man, this fits him.

"Now that I've been driving Cadillacs for a couple of years, I think I'm enjoying it more than I ever did . . . You might call it an expensive car but I really don't think so. In fact, I consider it dollar for dollar value with any automobile on the market. It's a lot of car."

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10TH HOLE

iforms Golden Whatever. He is the great evil in the game, but the Bruins are not.

ED LAUGHLIN

Jameson, R.I.

Sirs:

Although Phil Esposito freely admitted that Bobby Orr was the best player in hockey today, I thoroughly disagree with him. All you have to do is look at the record to see who really revolutionized the game. It was Esposito who first scored 100 points; it is Esposito who holds the records for most goals and most points scored in a season (76 and 152, respectively). Sure, Orr may be the best skater and defenseman in the league—maybe even the most colorful—but the man who scores the goals and shakes off checks to score them is Esposito. Certainly a man who has led the league in scoring for three straight years and is well on his way to a fourth consecutive title deserves to be recognized as the best player—and the most valuable.

GEOFF GERMAN

New Rochelle, N.Y.

FOOT IN THE DOOR

Sirs:

Thanks for Gwilym S. Brown's article on soccer (*Blues in the Night for the Coyotes*, Nov. 19). I am an ex-huschi, football and basketball player who has discovered that soccer is the game for me. Here in the Bay Area the sport is big and getting bigger. Most high schools, junior colleges and universities are playing. Also, there are numerous Sunday teams. Please continue to cover the college games, and don't forget the University of San Francisco, which is ranked No. 3 in the nation.

ROCK D. LEE

South San Francisco, Calif.

Sirs:

Bravo! Your article on St. Louis soccer was timely and accurate. But I hope you will also give a nod in the direction of three of those 20 colleges employing the talents of St. Louis youngsters: Rockhurst College (Kansas City), Quincy (Ill.) College and Benedictine College (Atchison, Kans.). Quincy beat Rockhurst 3-0 in the NAIA final last week. They can play with the best.

SHAY FICHTER

Atchison, Kans.

Sirs:

Your soccer IQ is fairly low. Calling Cleveland State a "nonentity" is really gauche. This country is full of "nonentity" soccer teams that can put big-name colleges in their hip pocket, and do it every week. The youngsters of America are switching to soccer for many obvious reasons. Watch out, SL, the ball is rolling right by you!

HERB DAVIS

Chatham, N.J.

Sirs:

Although Southern Illinois at Edwardsville and St. Louis have fine soccer teams, it seems rather odd that a team from the South should not even be mentioned. Clemson's team is undefeated and has won the ACC championship for the second consecutive year. It is now ranked fourth in the U.S.

LOUIS CHAMBERS, JR.

Clemson, S.C.

PLACING THE HAMBO

Sirs:

Your St. Louis editorial ("The Hambos Moves," Nov. 12) rouses me so ardent points that are misleading, uncomplimentary to the fine people in the sport of harness racing or, in some aspects, untrue.

You are correct in averting that "arguments for the move centered primarily on the expectation that more people would attend the race in Philadelphia than in Du Quoin, Ill." (Since you did not mention the Philadelphia track, it is Liberty Bell Park.) For the life of me, I cannot find anything wrong in doing your best to attract more people to whatever it is you are offering to the public. And in presenting the Hambletonian, harness racing is offering its showpiece.

You also state that a condition of the award of the Hambletonian to Liberty Bell Park was that the fans would be able to bet on the prestigious race. True, and I say why not? Liberty Bell Park is the center of the largest concentration of the sport's patrons, and pari-mutuel wagering pays the freight for breeding and other aspects of horse racing, be it standardbred or thoroughbred.

You have a right to your belief that "the Society has made a serious error in judgment," but the remark that the commercial imperative has proved ruinous in other areas is a grossly fallacious statement if you are also applying it to harness racing. I presume by "commercial imperative" you mean pari-mutuel wagering. The steady growth of harness racing in attendance and wagering, particularly at Liberty Bell Park, is a monument to the sport's national appeal.

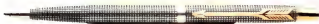
I take issue with the rash, unsupported statement that the move of the Hambletonian to Liberty Bell Park "turns a genuine classic event into just another \$100,000 race." When the Hambletonian starts at Liberty Bell in 1975, it will be worth \$200,000, did you ever hear of the Kentucky Derby?

By showing the event to more people who are harness-racing oriented plus producing far greater media exposure, we expect to make the race what it should have been years ago, a household word.

Finally, on the personal level, we agree that the Hayes family has devoted many years to the presentation of the Hambletonian and that they are indeed fine people. But so are the Roosevelts and the Doughertys, who will play key roles in raising the Ham-

Continued

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EDWARD S. HOLAN
Liberty Bell Park

Philadelphia

Sirs:

I could not agree more with your comments regarding the Hambletonian Society's decision to move trotting's most prestigious race from Du Quoin, Ill. to Philadelphia in 1975. But equally distressing to me is that you chose to condemn the action after the fact, rather than bring the story to the people in advance of the decisionmaking. Surely there are great numbers of American sports fans who would have prevailed upon the handful of men who control the future of the Hambletonian, if only they had been given warning that such a move was contemplated.

DONALD J. MACFAY

Greenfield, Mass.

Sirs:

I protest your statement that the Hambletonian should be moved back to Du Quoin, Ill. It should be moved back to Goshen, N.Y., near where the great Hambletonian 10 himself was foaled on May 5, 1849. In many respects, William Rysdyk's stallion was the beginning of America's trotting world. The Hambletonian Sire was run in Goshen at Goshen Time Park from 1930 to 1942 and again from 1944 to 1956. Let's get the race back to where it really belongs.

IRVING CUPHERACK

Cornwall-on-Hudson, N.Y.

SADDLE UP

Sirs:

What a pleasant surprise to find your article on the horse-show world and the Crabtree stable (*Tap Apple on the Crabtree*, Nov. 12). Robert Boyle did an excellent job of evoking the elegance and glow of a sport that has been sadly neglected over the years. As the daughter of Wisconsin saddle-horse enthusiasts, I grew up with daydreams of the show ring, and the name of Helen Crabtree was as familiar to me as my girlfriend's in his youth. The girls who were lucky enough to ride at the Crabtree stable and show in the championship classes had an aura of fairy-tale princesses.

PAULINA CONDON, OWASSET

Louisville

Sirs:

I must comment on your coverage of the National Horse Show at Madison Square Garden, or should I say the lack of it. First of all, an American record was set in the Pussance Stakes by Symphonie at 7:4. Why was there no word of it? Why was there no picture of this feat? Secondly, four of the most

outstanding equestrian teams in the world were in competition. Germany, England, Canada and the U.S. The performance by these international riders was the best that this country has seen in years. But again, not one word.

Ah, yes, Mr. Boyle did cover the Good Hands, and at the same time he managed to put down hunt-seat riders. "The hunt-seat boy or girl would think nothing of grooming a horse or mucking out a stall." To me, that is a refreshing change from the flashy, tacky, showy saddle-seaters.

Next year why not cover the entire show, not just part of it? Thousands of your readers would be interested in this tremendous sports event. In the meantime, I've got to go muck a few stalls.

LEE CORNE

Narragansett, R.I.

SUCCESS STORY

Sirs:

My congratulations on the fine article by John Underwood (*Oklahoma City Call*, September, Nov. 12). The story of the Selmon brothers is a tribute to their coaches, their family and their fellow players. It points out that through determination and hard work success can be realized. And certainly determination has been shown by the Oklahoma team this year. Thanks for depicting what sports can do for men like Selmons and for others.

DANNY W. CORNICK

Harlan, Iowa

Sirs:

John Underwood told it like it is. Here in Oklahoma we think we have a national champion. Lajunas, LeRoy and Dewey Selmon are the best luteners in the country.

GREG ARMSTRONG

Bowwell, Okla.

STRICTLY IVY

Sirs:

Occasionally in reporting a sporting event you go far beyond your usual slick recitation of results accompanied by uniformly lavish and technically excellent illustrations. Ron Fimrine's outstanding account of last week's haze-raiser between Harvard and Penn (*Bell Plated*, Harvard, *Somma con Louie*, Nov. 12) provides an example of this departure from norm.

Any reader could appreciate the sheer excitement of this game, the outcome of which was most uncertain for more than 58 minutes of play. More important, however, Fimrine gave the reader a clear picture of Ivy League football and its relative importance in the lives of players, coaches, administrators and fans.

As an enthusiastic Harvard alumna and sometime athlete, I always savor the pleasures associated with supporting a winning

continued



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John Fanning

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